

# The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 43—No. 24.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1865.

Price {4d. Unstamped.  
5d. Stamped.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

### MADLLE. ILMA DE MURSKA.

THIS EVENING (Saturday), June 10th, will be performed, BELLINI's favorite Opera,  
**LA SONNAMBULA.**

Elvino, Signor Gardoni; Il Conte Rodolfo, Mr. Santley; Alessio, Signor Bossi; Notario, Signor Casaboni; Lisa, Madlle. Redi; and Amina, Madlle. Ilma de Murska.  
Conductor, SIGNOR ARDITI.

NEXT WEEK. Second Night of "Medea."

### Mdlle. TITIENS.

TUESDAY NEXT, June 13, will be repeated, for the second time,  
CHERUBINI's Grand Tragic Opera,

### MEDEA.

The Recitatives composed by Signor Arditi. The following will be the cast:—  
Jason, Dr. Gunz; Creonte, Mr. Santley; Dirce, Miss Laura Harris; Neris, Madlle. Sinico; Lamia, Madlle. Redi; Clyte, Madlle. Moya; and Medea, Madlle. Titiens, (her second appearance in that character).  
Conductor, SIGNOR ARDITI.

The entirely new Scenery by Mr. Telbin, assisted by Mr. H. Telbin & Mr. W. Telbin.

To conclude with the new Divertissement,

### LE HAREM.

GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE.

### MADLLE. ILMA DE MURSKA

Wednesday Morning next, June 14th, BELLINI's favorite Opera,

### LA SONNAMBULA.

Commencing at Half-past Two o'clock. Amina, by Madlle. Ilma de Murska.

Madlle. ILMA DE MURSKA. LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

Thursday Evening next, June 15th, will be presented, by general desire, and for the last time, DONIZETTI's celebrated Opera,

### LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

Lucia, by Madlle. Ilma de Murska. To conclude with the new Divertissement,  
**LE HAREM.**

## CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY (Saturday)

GRAND OPERA CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Terrace Fountains at 2.15; Concert at 3, when the following eminent artists will appear:—Mdlle. Lucca (her first and only appearance this season), Madame Caroline Duprez, Mdlle. Honoré, Madame Rudersdorf, Mlle. Carlotta Patil, Herr Schmid, Signor Neri Baraldi, Signor Ciampi, and Signor Wachtel. Solo Pianoforte, Mlle. Gayard. Conductor, Mr. Manns.  
Admission, Five Shillings; or by Guinea Season Ticket free.

## GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL.—CRYSTAL

PALACE.—REHEARSAL, Friday, June 23rd. MESSIAH, Monday, June 26th; SELECTION, Wednesday, June 28th; ISRAEL IN EGYPT, Friday, June 30. Plans and programmes and Tickets on sale at the Palace, or at 2, Exeter-hall. PERFORMANCES.—Stalls 3 and 24 Guineas the set; single stalls, 25s. and one guinea; 10s. 6d. reserved seats each day, or 28s. 6d. the three days. REHEARSAL.—Numbered stalls, 5s.; Admission tickets, seven shillings and sixpence. Only a limited number will be issued at this price; the next issue will be at 10s. 6d. each.

EXETER HALL, June 14.

## ISRAEL IN EGYPT.—NATIONAL CHORAL

SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. G. W. MARTIN. Principal Vocalists—Madame Sherrington, Miss Fanny Armytage, Miss Emilio Soldene, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Organist, Mr. John G. Boardman. Tickets—numbered and reserved, 21s., 10s. 6d., 5s.; unreserved, 3s., 2s. 14, 15, Exeter Hall.

## MR. JOHN THOMAS'S

## GRAND MORNING CONCERT,

Under the immediate patronage of

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,

AND

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

AT THE HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

ON SATURDAY, JUNE 25th, 1865,

At Three o'clock precisely,

When several of his latest Compositions will be performed, including MS. Overture; MS. Concertino for the Harp; MS. Duet for two Harps; and his dramatic Cantata *Leocadia*, by a full orchestra, band of harps, united choirs, &c., &c. Vocalists, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Sainton Dolby, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas and Signor Delle Sedie. Harps, Mr. J. Balair Chatterton, Mr. T. H. Wright, Mr. H. J. Trust, Mr. J. Cheshire, Mr. W. Layland and Mr. John Thomas. Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

Reserved seats one guinea, unreserved seats half-a-guinea; to be had of Mr. JOHN THOMAS, 53, Welbeck Street, W.; of the principal Music-sellers; and at the Ticket Office, Hanover Square Rooms.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S MORNING at the PIANOFORTE next Wednesday, June 14, at three, in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Pianist—Mrs. JOHN MACFARREN. Vocalists—Madame GILARDONI, Miss MARIAN WALSH, and Miss EMILY FITT.

### PART I.

Finale, from the "Sonata di bravura," Op. 38—Hummel; Song, "The Lady of the Lea"—Stuart; Selection from the *Kinderseeuen*, "Foreign Countries and Strange People," "A game of Touch," "The Coasting Child," "The Request granted," "The Knight of the Rocking-horse," "Bo-peep," "The Child falling asleep"—Schumann; Hunting Song, from *Im Walde*; Song, "The Violet," (Goethe)—Mozart; Nocturne, "Il Lamento"—Chopin; Duet, "Oh, sweet summer morn" (*She Stoops to Conquer*)—G. A. Macfarren; Invitation to the Waltz—Weber.

### PART II.

Funeral March and Finale from Sonata Op. 26—Beethoven; Song, "Ah! why do we love?" (*Don Quixote*)—G. A. Macfarren; Caprice Etude, "The Babbling Brook"—Brissac; Duet, "The May-bells and the Flowers"—Mendelssohn; Fantasia on Scotch Airs, "Bonnie Scotland"—Brissac.

Stalls, 5s.; Tickets 3s., 2s., and 1s., at the Hall daily.

## MR. BRINLEY RICHARD'S CONCERT, MONDAY,

EVENING, June 19th, Hanover Square Rooms. Mr. Sims Reeves will sing a New Scene, "Lost Hora," words by Henry Chorley, Esq. and "Anita," the music by Brinley Richards. A New Sacred Part-song, "Through the day," "What bells are those?" "Ye little Birds" (Madrigal), and Leslie's "Pilgrims" (full choir). Mr. Brinley Richards and Mons. Paque will perform (first time) a New Duo, Piano and Violoncello, composed by Mr. Arthur Sullivan. A Lady Amateur (Pupil of Mr. Richards) and Mr. Brinley Richards will play Moscheles' Pianoforte Duet, "Rondo Brillante." Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. Sullivan, and Mr. Calcott. The Welsh harper, Gruffydd (by permission of Lord and Lady Llanover) will perform on the Welsh Triple-stringed Harp.  
6, St. Mary Abbots Terrace, Kensington.

SIGNOR P. D. GUGLIELMO has removed to 14, Elgin Crescent, Kensington Park.

HERR WILHELM GANZ has the honor to announce that his ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place in the Picture Gallery of Dudley house, Park Lane (by kind permission of the Right Hon. the Earl of Dudley), on MONDAY, June 19th, 1865, to commence at Three o'clock precisely. Under the immediate patronage of

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CAMBRIDGE and  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE.

On which occasion he will be assisted by the following eminent artists:—Mdlle. Enequist, Mdlle. Astieri, Miss Stabbach, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Herr Reichardt, and Signor Agnesi. Pianoforte, Herr Wilhelm Ganz and Master Cowen. Violin, Monsieur Sainton. Violoncello, Monsieur Paque. Viola, Mr. Webb. Conductors, Messrs. Benedict, Meyer Lutz, Emilie Berger, and Lindsay Sloper. Reserved stalls, one guinea; tickets, half-a-guinea, to be obtained of Herr Wilhelm Ganz, at his residence, 15, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, W.

Under the Patronage of the

MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, MARCHIONESS OF ELY,  
COUNTESS OF FIFE, BARONESS LIONEL DE ROTHCHILD,  
LADY DE ROTHCHILD, THE LADY ROLLE, THE LADY PETRE,  
THE LADY DORMER, THE LADY GUENDOLINE PETRE, LADY  
WINSLOW BARROW, LADY MACLAINE, MRS. CHARLES  
CAVENDISH, MRS. CAVENDISH BENTICK.

**MADAME LOUISA VAN NOORDEN'S MATINEE**  
at 14, Grosvenor Street (by kind permission), Tuesday, 13th June, at Three.  
Madames Florence Lancia, Elvira Berens. Messrs. George Perren, Frank Elmore,  
Allan Irving. P. E. Van Noorden, Goffrie, Jacob, Lidel, R. Blagrove, E. Berger,  
and W. Ganz. Tickets, 10s. 6d., may be had at the principal Music-sellers, and of  
Madame Van Noorden, 27, Bedford Square, W.C.

**PRIZE QUARTETS.** Society of British Musicians.  
The Umpires having awarded the prizes, the Committee have the pleasure to  
announce that Miss AONES ZIMMERMANN, Messrs. J. T. WILLY, H. WEBB, and W. H.  
ATLWARD have kindly undertaken to perform the successful works at 16, Grosvenor  
Street, Bond Street, (by the kind permission of Messrs. Collard's) on Thursday,  
June 15th, at Three o'clock punctually. After the performance, the letters of the  
successful competitors will be opened and their names declared. Professors and  
Amateurs will be admitted on presenting their cards.

W. W. GRICE, Secretary.

**MADAME ALICE MANGOLD'S GRAND MORNING**  
CONCERT, Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, Monday, June 12th,  
to commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists, (by kind permission of Mr. Mapleson)  
Miss Laura Harris, Signor Bossi, and Dr. Guiz; Instrumentalists, Messrs. Jansa,  
R. Blagrove, Pezzo, Crozier, Pollard, Paquis, and Chisholm; Pianoforte, Madame  
Alice Mangold. The programme will include the Quintet of Beethoven for piano-  
forte and wind instruments, Mendelssohn's Quartet in F minor, and other celebrated  
instrumental and vocal compositions. Tickets Half a Guinea, of the principal music-  
sellers, and of Madame Mangold, 1, Weymouth Street, Portland Place.

**MR. W. G. CUSINS'S ANNUAL GRAND**  
ORCHESTRAL MORNING CONCERT, under the immediate patronage of  
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES and  
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES,  
on Friday, June 10th, at Hanover Square Rooms. Artists—Mesdames Louisa  
Pyne, Parepa, Messert, S. Pyne, and Joachim; Dr. Guiz, Signor Agnesi, Mr.  
Renwick, and Signor Della Sedie; the Orpheus' Glee Union, Herr Joachim, Madame  
Schumann, Mr. Benedict, and Mr. W. G. Cusins. Stalls, 10s. 6d., tickets, 7s., may  
be had at the principal music warehouses; at the rooms; and of Mr. Cusins, 33,  
Nottingham Place, York Gate, Regent's Park.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC**  
CONCERTS: Director, Dr. WYLDE.—The LAST CONCERT of the  
season on Wednesday evening, June 14; the Public Rehearsal This Saturday  
afternoon, June 10, at half-past 2, when will be performed—The Overture, Der  
Aelchymist—Spohr; Romance in F, for violin and orchestra—Beethoven; Symphony  
in A minor, commonly called the Scotch Symphony—Mendelssohn; Pianoforte  
Concerto in E flat—Weber; Auber's Overture to Masaniello. Artists—Madlle.  
Tittens and Madlle Trebelli; solo violin, Herr Lauterbach; pianoforte, Mr. J. F.  
Barnett. The symphony in A minor has been named the Scotch Symphony because  
the principal ideas were first suggested to the author by the romantic scenery of  
Scotland and certain incidents of Scottish life which presented themselves to his  
notice during a tour which he always remembered with delight. That the national  
melody, too, attracted him there can be no doubt, since the resemblance between the  
theme of the introduction and the Scotch ballad, "John Anderson, my Jo," is so  
striking to be casual. Tickets, 1s., 2s., 3s., 5s., 7s., and sofa stalls for the evening  
concert, 10s. 6d., at Cramer & Co.'s, 201, Regent Street; and at Austin's ticket  
office, St. James's Hall—100.

**MILLE VALENTIN'S MATINEE MUSICALÉ** on  
FRIDAY, JUNE 9, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, at 3 o'clock. Vocalists:  
Miss Banks, Mlle. Edenska, Mlle. Novate, Madame Czerny, and Mr. George  
Perren. Instrumentalists: Mlle. Valentin, Mons. Santon, and Mons. Paque.  
Conductors: Herr Adolph Golimick and Mr. Sidney Smith. Reserved Seats, 15s.,  
of Mlle. VALENTIN, 6, Duke Street, Manchester Square; tickets, Half a Guinea, of  
Messrs. ROBERT COCKS, 6, New Burlington Street; DUNCAN DAVISON, 244, Regent  
Street; and ASHDOWN & PARKY, 18, Hanover Square, W.

**MR. CHARLES FOWLER, of Torquay, begs to**  
announce that he will give a PIANOFORTE RECITAL, under very dis-  
tinguished patronage, on Monday Morning, June 19th, at No. 1, Stratton-street, by  
the kind permission of Miss Burdett Coutts, at which he will be assisted by eminent  
artists. Vocalists—Madlle. Enequist, Miss Gregory, Mr. Suchet Champion.  
Instrumentalists—Violin, Mr. CAVENDISH, Reserved Seats, One Guinea; to be obtained  
at Mr. FOWLER, Tickets, Half a Guinea; Reserved Seats, One Guinea; to be obtained  
at Mr. MURKELL'S Royal Library, and of Mr. FOWLER, Torquay.

**MISS EMMA BUSBY'S MORNING CONCERT,**  
at Willis's Rooms, Saturday, June 17th. Artists—Madame Lemmens-Sher-  
ington, Madlle. Wick, Madlle. C. Muller (by kind permission of the English Opera  
Company), Madame Schumann, M. Leumann, Herr Carl Rose, Signor Pezzo, Miss  
Emma Busby. Conductor, Mr. Hargitt. Tickets, Half a Guinea; family do. (to  
admit three), a Guinea; at the Music-sellers and at 9, Howley Place.

**MASTER FREDERICK H. COWEN (Pupil of Mr.**  
Benedict) begs to announce that his ANNUAL CONCERT, under the patron-  
age of the Right Hon. the Earl of Dudley, will take place (by his lordship's kind  
permission) at Dudley House, Park Lane, on THURSDAY, 22nd June, 1865.  
Artists: Madame Parepa and Madame Trebelli, Mr. Santley, Signor Gardoni, Herr  
Joachim, Signor Pezzo, Piano, Master Frederic H. Cowen. Conductor, Mr.  
Benedict.—Tickets, one guinea each, to be obtained at the principal libraries and  
music-sellers; and of Master Cowen, 11, Watwick Crescent, Maida Hill, W.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, Hanover Square Rooms.**  
Conductor, Professor STERNDALE BENNETT. SIXTH CON-  
CERT, Monday, June 12. The programme will comprise Wagner's Overture to Rienzi,  
Molique's Flute Concerto (M. J.), Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, Mozart's  
Symphony in D, and Beethoven's Overture to King Stephen. Pianiste, Madame  
Arabella G-dard; solo flautist, Mr. Svendsen; vocalist, Mlle. Tietjens. Tickets at  
Messrs. Addison and Lucas's, 210, Regent Street.

**MUSICAL UNION.—MADAME SCHUMANN** on  
TUESDAY NEXT, June 13th, will play the Grand Duet in D (Mendelssohn)  
with Signor PIATTI, also solos by various composers. LAUTERBACH will play  
in Quintet G major (Spohr), and Beethoven's Sixth Quartet in B flat. Tickets,  
half-a-guinea each, to be had at the usual places. Members can pay for visitors at  
St. James's Hall. J. ELLA, Director, 18, Hanover Square.

**MR. DEACON** begs to announce that his THIRD and  
LAST MATINEE will take place on Thursday, June 22nd, commencing at  
three o'clock. Particulars will be duly announced. Tickets to admit three, one  
guinea. Single tickets, half-a-guinea, to be had of Messrs. Ollivier & Co., 19, Old  
Bond Street, of the principal music-sellers, at the rooms, and of Mr. Deacon, 10,  
Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square.

Under Distinguished Patronage.

**MISS KATE GORDON'S FIRST EVENING CON-**  
CERT will take place at Willis's Rooms on Wednesday Evening, June 14th,  
when she will be assisted by the following eminent artists—Mesdames Weiss,  
Howard Paul, Mina Poole, George Vining, Morest, and Kate Gordon; Messrs. Frank  
Elmore, Allan Irving, Weiss, Pollitzer, Henry Webb, Lidel, Benedict, Lehmyer,  
Berger, Arditi. To commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets, One Guinea and 10s. 6d.,  
may be had of the principal Music Warehouses and of Miss Kate Gordon, 82, St.  
George's Road, Warwick Square, Belgravia.

JUNE 17.

**MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S THIRD PIANO-**  
FORTE PERFORMANCE, Hanover Square Rooms, Saturday, June 17th,  
at 3 o'clock. Programme—Fantasia on Fuga, Bach; Sonata in A, G. A. Macfarren;  
Impromptu (sui maris) and Valse (The Skylark), Walter Macfarren; Grand Duo  
(Homage à Handel) Moscheles, Mr. Walter Macfarren and his pupil, Mr. Rido  
Prentice; Variations Sérieuses, Mendelssohn; Romances, Kate Loder; Fantasia,  
Op. 77, Beethoven; Melodies (Two Buds and Jessamine) and Fantasia Caprice (La  
Fête d'hiver), Walter Macfarren. Tickets (numbered and reserved) 7s., at the Rooms,  
the Music-sellers, and Mr. Walter Macfarren, 3, Osnauburg Terrace.

WEDNESDAY, June 21.

**MR. BENEDICT'S 30th ANNUAL CONCERT,**  
Wednesday morning, June 21st, St. James's Hall. To commence at half  
past one precisely. The full programme is now ready. Area and back balcony,  
unreserved seats, 6s.; gallery, 3s.; reserved seats, 10s. 6d. All the balcony stalls  
being disposed of, immediate application for a few additional sofa stalls (one guinea  
each) is respectfully solicited. 2, Manchester Square, W.

**MISS ELLICE JEWELL** has the honor to announce  
that her FIRST MATINEE MUSICALÉ will take place on SATURDAY,  
JUNE 10, by kind permission of Mrs. Charles Butler, at No. 3, CONNAUGHT  
PLACE, HYDE PARK. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had of Miss Ellice Jewell,  
16, Fulham Place, Maida Hill.

**MASTER WILLIE PAPE** has the honor to announce  
that his third PIANOFORTE RECITAL in London, and his 205th since  
his arrival in England, will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Friday  
evening, 23rd June.

**HERR LEHMEYER'S SECOND MATINEE** will take  
place Friday, the 16th June, at 16, Grosvenor Street (by kind permission of  
Messrs. COLLARD), with the assistance of the following eminent artists:—Madame  
Louisa Vining, Mlle. Novate, Miss Grace Lindo, Miss Stabach, Miss Franklin,  
Miss Palmer, and Signor Garcia, Signor Ambonetti, Mr. L. Walker. Violin, Herr  
Strauss; Violoncello, Mons. Paque; Mr. Walter Barboro, Herr Lehmyer, Miss  
Gordon, Herr Wilhelm Ganz, Charles Hargitt, and Emilie Berger. All applications,  
and also for finishing lessons, to 2, Percy Street, Bedford Square.

**MR. HERBERT BOND'S MATINEE MUSICALÉ**  
will take place (by the kind permission of Collard and Collard), at 16,  
Grosvenor Street, on Monday, June 12th. Reserved seats, half-a-guinea; tickets,  
7s. each, to be had of Messrs. Ollivier & Co., 19, Old Bond Street.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Professor Wylde's new Concert**  
Scena, entitled, "Ollindo, Io Sono Solo," will be SING by Madlle. TITTENS,  
at the Public Rehearsal of the New Philharmonic Concert, This Saturday afternoon,  
and at the Concert on Wednesday evening, June 14.  
W. G. NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC**  
CONCERTS.—Madlle. TITTENS will SING at the public rehearsal This  
Saturday afternoon, at half-past 2, and at the Evening Concert, Wednesday,  
June 14.  
W. G. NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC**  
CONCERTS.—Madlle. TREBELLI will SING at the public rehearsal This  
Saturday afternoon, at half-past 2, and at the Evening Concert, Wednesday,  
June 14.  
W. G. NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

## LIFE OF JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

(Continued from page 317.)

This peculiar manner of using the stops was a consequence of his minute knowledge of the construction of the organ and of all the single stops. He had early accustomed himself to give to each of them a melody suited to its qualities, and this led him to new combinations of them, which, otherwise, would never have occurred to him. In general, nothing escaped his penetration which had any kind of relation to his art, and could be improved for the discovery of new advantages. His attention to the effect of great musical compositions in places of a different nature—his very practised ear, by which he could discover the smallest error in music of the fullest and richest harmony—his art of perfectly tuning an instrument, in so easy a manner, may serve as proofs of the penetration and comprehension of this great man. When he was at Berlin, in 1747, he was shown the new opera-house. Whatever in the construction of it was good or faulty, as it respected the effect of music, and what others had only discovered by experience, he perceived at the first sight. He was taken into the great saloon adjoining: he went up to the gallery that runs round it, looked at the ceiling, and said, without first examining any farther, that the architect had here introduced a piece of ingenuity, perhaps without intending it, and without any body's knowing it. If a person at one corner of the saloon, which was in the form of an oblong parallelogram, whispered a few words against the wall, another, who stood with his face turned to the wall, at the corner diagonally opposite, could hear them distinctly, but nobody else in the whole room, either in the centre or any other part. This effect arose from the direction of the arches in the ceiling, the particular nature of which we discovered at the first look. Such observations could, and naturally did, lead him to attempt to produce, by the unusual combination of different stops of the organ, effects unknown before and after him.

The union and application of the above-mentioned methods, to the usual forms of organ-pieces, produced John Sebastian Bach's great and solemnly sublime execution on the organ, peculiarly adapted to the church, which filled the hearer with holy awe and admiration. His profound knowledge of harmony—his endeavor to give all the thoughts an uncommon turn, and not to let them have the smallest resemblance with the musical ideas usual out of the church—his entire command over his instrument, both with hand and foot, which corresponded with the richest, the most copious, and uninterrupted flow of fancy—his infallible and rapid judgment, by which he knew how to choose, among the overflow of ideas which constantly poured in upon him, those only which were adapted to the present object—in a word, his great genius, which comprehended every thing, and united every thing requisite to the perfection of one of the most inexhaustible arts, brought the art of the organ to a degree of perfection which it never attained before his time, and will hardly ever attain again. Quantz was of my opinion on this point:—"The admirable John Sebastian Bach," says he, "has at length, in modern times, brought the art of the organ to its greatest perfection: it is only to be wished that, after his death, it may not decline or be wholly lost, on account of the small number of those who still bestow any pains upon it."

When John Sebastian Bach seated himself at the organ when there was no divine service, which he was often requested to do by strangers, he used to choose some subject, and to execute it in all the various forms of organ composition, so that the subject constantly remained the ground-work of his performance, even if he had played, without intermission, for two hours or more. First he used this theme for a prelude and a fugue, with all the stops. Then he shewed his art of using the stops for a trio, a quartet, &c., always upon the same subject. Afterwards followed Psalm tunes (choral), the melody of which was intermingled in the most diversified manner with the original subject, in three or four parts. Finally the conclusion was made by a fugue, with all the stops, in which either another treatment only of the first subject predominated, or one or, according to its nature, two others were mixed with it. This is the art which old Reinken, at Hamburg, considered as being already lost in his time, but which, as he afterwards found, not only lived in John Sebastian Bach, but had attained through him the highest degree of perfection.

The office which John Sebastian filled, and partly also the great reputation which he enjoyed, caused him to be often requested to examine young candidates for places as organists, and also to give his opinion of new organs. He proceeded, in both cases, with so much conscientiousness and impartiality, that he seldom added to the number of his friends by it. The late Danish Music-Director, Scheibé, once in his younger years submitted to his examination on the election of an organist, but found his decision so unjust, that he afterwards, in his "Critical Musician," sought to revenge himself, by a violent attack on his former judge. In his examination of organs, he was not more fortunate. He could as little prevail upon himself to praise a bad instru-

ment, as a bad organist. He was, therefore, very severe, but always just, in his trials of organs. As he was perfectly acquainted with the construction of the instrument, he could not be in any case deceived. The first thing he did was to draw out all the stops, and to play with the full organ. He used to say in jest, that he must first of all know whether the instrument had good lungs. He then proceeded to examine the single parts. His justice to the organ-builders went so far, that, when he found the work really good, and the sum agreed upon too small, so that the builder would evidently have been a loser by his work, he endeavoured to induce those who had contracted for it, to make a suitable addition, which he, in fact, frequently obtained.

After the examination was over, especially when the instrument had his approbation, he generally, to amuse himself and those present, showed his skill in performing as above described; and, thereby, always proved anew, that he was really "the prince of all players on the harpsichord and organ," as the late organist, Sorge, of Lobenstein, once called him, in a dedication.

John Sebastian Bach's first attempts at composition were, like all first attempts, defective. Without any instruction to lead him into the way, which might gradually have conducted him from step to step, he was obliged, like all those who enter on such a career without a guide, to do at first as well as he could. To run or leap up and down the instrument, to take both hands, as full as all the five fingers will allow, and to proceed in this wild manner, till they by chance find a resting-place, are the arts which all beginners have in common with each other. They can therefore be only Finger Composers\*; that is, they must let their fingers first play for them what they are to write, instead of writing for the fingers what they shall play. But Bach did not long follow this course. He soon began to feel that the eternal running and leaping led to nothing; that there must be order, connection and proportion in the thoughts; and that, to attain such objects, some kind of guide was necessary. Vivaldi's Concertos for the violin, which were then just published, served him for such a guide. He so often heard them praised as admirable compositions, that he conceived the happy idea of arranging them all for his clavichord. He studied the chain of the ideas, their relation to each other, the variations of the modulations, and many other particulars. The change necessary to be made in the ideas and passages, composed for the violin, but not suitable to the clavichord, taught him to think musically; so that after his labour was completed, he no longer needed to expect his ideas from his fingers, but could derive them from his own fancy. Thus prepared, he wanted only perseverance and unremitting practice to reach a point where he could not only create himself an ideal of his art, but might also hope, in time, to attain it. In this practice he was never remiss. He laboured so constantly and so assiduously, that he sometimes even took the nights to his aid. What he had written during the day he learnt to play in the succeeding night. Yet with all the diligence that he bestowed on his own attempts, he never neglected at this time to study with the greatest attention the works of Frescobaldi, Froberger, Kerl, Pachelbel, Fischer Strunck, Buxtehude, Reinken, Bruhn Boehm, and some old French organists, who, according to the fashion of those times, were all great masters of harmony, and of the Fugue.

(To be continued.)

MISS PALMER'S ANNUAL CONCERT took place on Friday evening at St. James's Hall, and was a very brilliant event, the fair *beneficiaire* having provided a very choice selection of vocal and instrumental music, interpreted by some of the best talent of the day. For singers Miss Palmer had Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Banks, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Sims Reeves; for instrumentalists, Mr. Charles Hallé, and Herr Ludwig Strauss. Every piece, nearly, created a great effect, the greatest of all being Mr. Sims Reeves in his two songs, "The Message," and "Come into the garden, Maud," both of which were enthusiastically encored. Encores were also awarded to Miss Banks in M. Gounod's *berceuse*, "Quand tu chantes," and to Mr. Lewis Thomas in a new song, the composition of Signor Randegger, called "Innamorata d'una stella." Signor Randegger's song will be heard of again. Among other pieces which seemed to please greatly, we may specify the ballad, "Sweet Kilkenny Town," sung, and most charmingly and pointedly sung, by Miss Palmer; Schubert's "Erl King," by the same artist; the air "C'est en vain," from Auber's *Ambasadrice*, brilliantly warbled by Miss Louisa Pyne; and the trio, "My lady, the Countess," given by the Misses Louisa Pyne, Banks, and Palmer. Mr. Charles Hallé played Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," and a Prelude and Tarantelle by Stephen Heller, the former achieving a triumphant success, and Herr Ludwig Strauss performed Ernst's "Nocturne" on the violin with undeniable effects. Miss Palmer had every reason to congratulate herself on the success of her concert.

\* Bach, in his riper years, used to call them harpsichord hussars.



## MUSIC AT COLOGNE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Herr M. Ernst has lately published a summary of what has been done at the Stadtheater, from the time he assumed the management, on the 16th September, 1863, up to the end of the last winter season, that is, the 1st May, 1865. During this period there were 352 operatic representations, at which 58 operas were performed, 7 of them being novelties here. In addition, there was one operetta played. Of these performances, 303 were given in Cologne; 39 in Bonn; and 10 in Aix-la-Chapelle. The German operas were: *Fidelio*, 14 times, Beethoven—*Loreley* (new), 15 times, Max Bruch.—*Martha*, 6 times; *Stradella*, 3 times, Flotow.—*Der Deserteur*\* (new), 3 times, Ferdinand Hiller.—*Das Nachtlager*, 8 times, Kreutzer.—*Böse Nachbarin* (new operetta), 5 times, Klerr.—*Czaar und Zimmermann*, 8 times; *Undine* (with new scenery), 25 times, Lortzing.—*Hans Heiling*, 5 times, Marschner.—*Les Huguenots*, 10 times; *Robert le Diable*, 5 times; *Le Prophète*, 5 times, Meyerbeer.—*Don Juan*, 15 times; *Zauberflöte*, 6 times; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, 10 times; *Belmonte und Constanza*, once, W. A. Mozart.—*Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, 7 times, Otto Nicolai.—*Jessonda*, 5 times, Spohr.—*Tannhäuser*, twice; *Cola Rienzi* (new), 3 times, Richard Wagner.—*Der Freischütz*, 15 times; *Euryanthe*, twice; *Oberon* (with new scenery), 23 times, C. M. von Weber.

The French and Italian operas represented were: *Gustave*, 3 times; *Lu Muette de Portici*, 8 times; *Le Maçon*, twice; *Fra Diavolo*, 7 times, Auber.—*Norma*, 3 times; *I Puritani*, once; *La Sonnambula*, once, Bellini.—*La Dame Blanche*, 8 times, Boieldieu.—*Les Deux Journées*, 8 times, Cherubini.—*Lalla Rookh* (new), 6 times, Félicien David.—*Lucia di Lammermoor*, 5 times; *Lucresia Borgia*, 3 times; *La Fille du Regiment*, 3 times; *Don Sebastian* (new), twice, Donizetti.—*Faust*, 16 times, Gounod.—*La Juive*, 17 times; *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, 5 times, Halévy.—*Zampa*, once, Herold.—*Joseph en Egypte*, 6 times, Méhul.—*Les Dragons de Villars*, twice; *Lara* (new), 10 times, Maillart.—*Rhein-Rixen* (new), twice; *Orpheus in der Unterwelt*, 10 times, Offenbach.—*Il Barbiere*, 6 times; *Guillaume Tell*, 9 times; *Otello*, 3 times, Rossini; *Il Trovatore*, 17 times; *Rigoletto*, 6 times, Verdi.

The "stars" who appeared were: Madlle. Désirée Artôt, 3 times; Madlle. Pauline Lucca, twice; Madame Herrenburg-Tuczek, 3 times; Madlle. Barn, from the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Schwerin, once; Madame Bertram Meyer, from the Ducal Theatre, Wiesbaden, twice; Madame Cuggiati, from the Theatre-Royal, Hanover, once; Madame Bürde-Ney, from the Theatre-Royal, Dresden, 4 times; Madame Zadernak-Doria, 3 times; Madlle. Lichtmay, from Rotterdam, 5 times; Madame Ellinger, from Rotterdam, 12 times; Madame Dustmann-Meyer, from the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, 8 times; Madlle. Bär (*débütante*), 3 times; Herr Karl Formes, twice; Herr Theodor Formes, twice; Herr Robiceck, from the Theatre-Royal, Stuttgart, twice; Herr Ellinger, from Rotterdam, 3 times; Herr Becker, from the Court Theatre, Mannheim, once; Herr Niemann, from the Theatre-Royal, Hanover, 10 times; and Herr Gustav Waller, from the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna, 6 times.

The Italian Opera Company from Paris played 15 times, in the months of June, July, and August, Signor Orsini being the conductor; Signor Baragli, the tenor; Signor Sterbini, the barytone; Signor Antonnucci, the bass; Signora Vitali and Mad. Demerici-Lablache, the *prima donna*.—The following were the "stars" of the ballet: Meslles Friedberg, Katharina Lanner, Herren Pohl, Alberti, Francesco, and Señor Donato.

FRA FRANZ.—According to a Roman Catholic paper called *L'Union*, all those persons who have had anything to do with the Abbé Liszt since he entered the church are deeply edified with the touching fervor and most Christian simplicity manifested in his slightest acts.

LIEGE.—An hitherto totally unknown oratorio, said to be the work of an old Belgian composer, Jean Noël Humal, born here in 1709, died 1778, was lately produced. It is entitled *Judith*, and is written in the style of the Italian composers of sacred music during the last century. It contains some good choruses and well-handled fugues.

\* This opera could not be played oftener on account of Herr Wagner's leaving the theatre.

## THE CHARITY CHILDREN AT ST. PAUL'S.

The annual meeting of the Charity Children, to assist at full Church service under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, took place on Thursday week. The attendance, we are informed, was more numerous by nearly 2,000 than on the last occasion. It may be submitted, in a rough estimate, that, besides the 5,000 children from the various metropolitan schools, the congregation numbered short of 15,000. How imposing was the *coup d'œil*, under circumstances which have been described over and over again, can, therefore, be imagined. So satisfactory were the arrangements—superintended principally, we believe, by Mr. Fuller—that the utmost order prevailed. The children were marshalled to their seats on the raised platforms with almost military discipline; the united choirs as easily found theirs, beneath the new and magnificent, though still, so far as embellishment is concerned, unfinished, organ; while those among the general congregation who arrived the earliest were the best accommodated.

The musical service, with one not unimportant exception, was precisely the same as last year. The 100th Psalm, by the children; Handel's Coronation Anthem, "Zadok the Priest"—in certain conspicuous passages of which the Children joined; the *chorale*, "Sleepers, wake," from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*—a recent and welcome innovation; the 104th Psalm ("My soul praise the Lord"), to Dr. Croft's tune—which, old as it is, sounds younger than the majority of modern Psalm tunes; and the "Hallelujah," from Handel's *Messiah*, to which again the children lent the occasional aid of their youthful and vigorous tones, occupied the accustomed places. Tallis's inimitable "Suffrages," and the chant by Dr. Crotch—another commendable innovation—were also once more heard. The novelty was a new setting of the "Te Deum Laudamus" ("We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord") by Mr. John Goss, organist of St. Paul's, under whose able direction, with the valuable assistance of Mr. George Cooper, the whole of the musical part of the service is conducted. Whether this "Te Deum" was originally composed with a view to being sung by the children at the anniversary meetings in St. Paul's Cathedral we are unable to say. It is, however, in all respects admirably suited to the purpose it was destined on Thursday to serve. Written for voices in unison, simple in vocal progression, sparing of modulation, it readily accommodates itself to the convenience of the host of young vocalists, and supported by a masterly organ accompaniment, exhibiting the skill, invention, and refined taste of a consummate musician in every bar, it would have been acceptable even under ordinary circumstances. Heard as it was on Thursday, the effect, it must be admitted, was more striking than could have been dreamt of. The members of the united choirs afforded but little support to the Children, whose almost unassisted "unison" was on that account, perhaps, all the more clear, resonant, and telling. Happily, the *Te Deum* of Mr. Goss is as purely and spontaneously melodious as it is richly harmonized. Thus the Children had a task which, however difficult from its being new, was sufficiently grateful to allure them—to please their own ears, and so enable them to please the ears of the congregation. Mr. Buckland directed the performance from his rostrum with admirable steadiness; while the organ accompaniment was played by Mr. George Cooper in a manner that could hardly have failed to satisfy the composer—accomplished musician and exacting critic as he is. After this beautiful "Te Deum," the "Jubilate" of Dr. Boyce—in the same key (A major)—came somewhat tamely. Let us hope that by the next anniversary Mr. Goss will have supplied a "Jubilate" as well. Why should such a man do less than Mr. Attwood, who, though thoroughly well versed in the musical art, was certainly not so practised a musician as his successor? There was but one opinion about the new "Te Deum." An unexpected interest was given to the performance of the Children, who evidently loved the task assigned to them, and accomplished it *con amore*.

The glorious "Old Hundredth"—"All people that on earth do dwell;" "May the King live for ever," in Handel's *Coronation Anthem*; and "He shall reign for ever and ever," in the same great master's incomparable "Hallelujah," again won universal praise for the multitude of juvenile songsters and songstresses, whose appearance and whose voices stamp this particular anniversary with a character that renders it unique among musical festivals. To write more would be to inflict upon our readers a story recounted so often, that, but for the perennial freshness of the interest attached to it, it might become more or less tedious. A sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Bangor, who selected for his text, Acts, chap. iv., verse 24—"For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." The Rev. J. Povah read the Lessons and Minor Canon Lupton intoned the prayers.

Altogether, this anniversary meeting of the Charity Children was successful enough to encourage the warmest patrons of the cause in continuing to further its interests with their most zealous help and countenance.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(Times—June 7.)

Last night Cherubini's tragic opera, *Medée*, the book translated for the first time into Italian, and the music heard for the first time in this country, was produced with a success due no less to the excellence of the performance than to the singular merits of the work. Although Cherubini was twice in London—in 1784 and 1787—and composed several pieces for the "King's Theatre," of which, on the occasion of his second visit, he was appointed musical director, and although his dramatic overtures fairly divide opinion with those of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber at our classical concerts, his operas have never made way in England. Indeed, we are unable to recall a single instance to the contrary. This is the more surprising when it is considered that Cherubini is universally acknowledged to be one of the greatest masters, and was proclaimed by no meaner authorities than Haydn and Beethoven, after the production of his *Faniska*, at Vienna, the first dramatic composer of his epoch. How highly Mendelssohn esteemed him may be seen on reference to the second volume of the *Letters*. It is even something in Cherubini's favour that, like his friend and rival, Méhul, to whom the printed score of *Medée* is affectionately inscribed, he was one of those composers most thoroughly detested by Napoleon Buonaparte, perhaps the worst judge of music that ever affected to patronise the art. "My dear Cherubini," said the Chief Consul, "you are an excellent musician, but your music is so noisy and intricate that I can make nothing out of it." "My dear General," replied Cherubini, "you are an excellent soldier, but I see no reason why I should try to adapt my music to your understanding." Two of the operas of Cherubini—*Les Deux Journées* and *Medée*, both composed originally for the Théâtre Feytaud (Opéra Comique)—though rarely heard in France since the quasi-failure of his last dramatic composition (*Ali Baba*), are familiar to many of the towns of Germany; but in England, notwithstanding our immense progress in the general cultivation of musical taste since the first visits of Spohr, Weber, and Mendelssohn, a progress in no small measure traceable to the immediate personal influence of those gifted men, they are wholly unknown. It was a bold step on the part of the director of Her Majesty's Theatre to set the initiative with one of the most difficult of all Cherubini's works; but complete success has justified it, and we have only to hope that *Faniska*, or *Les Deux Journées*, may follow in due course.

*Medée*, or *Medea*, as we now may style it—originally produced at the Opéra Comique, 23d Ventose, year 5 (13th of March, 1797)—is the seventeenth of thirty-two dramatic works by Cherubini, and the fifth which he composed expressly for Paris. The author of the book was François Benoit Hoffmann, a poet and controversialist chiefly remembered now by bibliomaniacs as an ardent partisan of the music of Méhul, which he defended in a pamphlet against Geoffroi, the once famous critic of the *Journal des Débats*. Like the author of the Italian *Medea*, set to music by the prolific Simone Mayr, long kept on the stage by the admirable genius of Pasta, revived by Mr. Lumley, in 1850, for Madame Pasta's favorite pupil, Mdle. Parodi, and now, we imagine, laid for ever on the shelf, Hoffmann has founded his drama upon the celebrated tragedy first represented at Athens (B.C. 431), through which, with three others that have not come down to us, Euripides obtained the third prize. In the Greek play Jason abandons Medea for Glauca, daughter of Creon, King of Corinth. The sorceress infuriated at being thus deserted by one who has possessed her love, and through her enchantments has been enabled to win the Golden Fleece and achieve more wonderful deeds, is banished from Corinth by command of the King. Feigning acquiescence, she ultimately extorts permission from Creon to remain at Corinth for a single day; and promised by Ægeus a secure asylum at Athens, she employs the day of grace in contriving a plan by which she may revenge herself on Creon, Jason, and Glauca. Deceived by her pretended submission, a wrath and robe, which by her art are impregnated with deadly poison, are accepted by Creon as presents from Medea to the new bride of Jason, who, wearing them, perishes in horrible torture, her fate being shared by the King, her father, who has embraced her in the moment of agony. Medea's next step is the murder of her two young children, which, after a fierce struggle between her affection for them and her hatred of Jason, she successfully carries out. Jason covering her with reproaches, and vainly asking to be allowed to see the bodies, she taunts him in return with his own misdeeds, and finally escapes in a chariot drawn through the air by winged dragons. There is no very great difference in the materials that form the basis of Hoffmann's drama and the substance of the Greek tragedy. Certain incidents are superadded, in order to afford reasonable opportunities for the composer, and these may speak for themselves. Ægeus, one of the speaking characters in Euripides, is not even alluded to in the French *libretto*; while Glauca, called Creusa by the Italian poets, after Seneca's Latin *Medea*, and who is only spoken of in the Greek play, is re-christened

Dirce, and becomes one of the principal singing personages. There are other slight dissimilarities, but none especially worth pointing out.

Of Cherubini's share in *Medea*, which contains some of the sublimest passages in dramatic music—a last act, indeed, with scarce a parallel—and is in every way worthy to be mated with the lofty ideal of Euripides, we must take another opportunity of speaking. So truly magnificent a composition ought not to be dismissed in a few brief sentences. Nor can we do more at present than cursorily allude to the performance, which was creditable to all concerned. Mdle. Titiens was grand and impressive from the first scene to the last. There is no part in lyric tragedy so arduous and so difficult as that of Medea. Even Fidelio is easy labour in comparison. Nevertheless, Mdle. Titiens proved fully equal to her task, and achieved a legitimate triumph. All the parts were adequately filled. Probably the splendid music given to Creon, the Corinthian despot, was never so well sung as by Mr. Santley; Herr Gunz, as might have been anticipated, was an excellent Jason; while Dirce, Medea's unhappy rival, found in Miss Laura Harris one able to cope with the more trying than grateful air in the first act, and Neris, Medea's attached follower, was equally fortunate in meeting with so clever a representative as Mdle. Sinico. The opera is thoroughly well put upon the stage, with new scenery, appropriately Greek (by Mr. Tellin), new costumes, and decorations. The last act, which culminates with Medea's escape in the Chariot of the Sun, is particularly imposing. The band and chorus covered themselves with laurels by their execution of music so terribly exacting; and no compliment was ever better deserved than that paid at the termination of the opera to Signor Arditi, the conductor, who, after a general call for the principal singers, followed by a double summons for Mdle. Titiens, was led on to the stage by the Medea of the evening, in obedience to the unanimously expressed wish of the audience. The execution by the chorus of the superb antiphonal psalms in the scene of Jason's marriage with Dirce, and that by the band of the storm, in the midst of which the curtain rises on the third and grandest act, would alone have stamped this performance on the memory of any one capable of being touched by the loftiest manifestations of art.

Among the audience last night were observed the son and nephew of Cherubini.

*Medea* is to be given a second time on Tuesday.

## HERR ERNST PAUER'S CONCERT.

The annual entertainment given by Herr Pauer to his pupils, friends, and the musical public is almost always composed of materials that place it out of the ordinary category of what are styled "benefit concerts," and, therefore, entitled to notice. Herr Pauer is one of those professors who not only play well, but are intimately acquainted with the best models of every school. In this he resembles Mr. Charles Hallé, who, for twenty years and more, has been diligently exercising his versatility for the pleasure and enlightenment of English amateurs of the pianoforte. In his well remembered "Historical Concerts" Herr Pauer showed that he could trace the pianoforte from its rude origin to its present high perfection, and illustrate the comments from his own pen, which so greatly enhanced the interest of his printed programme, by a facile and satisfactory performance of specimens from the earliest composers to those of the present day—from Pachelbel, Buxtehude, Conperin, Rameau, the Bachs, Domenico, Scarlatti, Handel, and even to Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, and Thalberg. His morning concert, the other day, although not announced under the suggestive title of "Historical," afforded sufficient variety to endow it with uncommon attraction. The first piece in the programme was Schumann's Trio, No. 2, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. The music of Schumann is becoming more and more in vogue with a certain intelligent class of inquirers, who believe that there must positively be something profound in works which the majority of music lovers are unable to understand, and for that reason are unwilling to accept without closer and more frequent examination. Mr. Arthur Chappell, inspired by the temporary presence of Madame Schumann, recently, gave the Schumann enthusiasts a wonderful "lift" by devoting a Monday Popular Concert exclusively to Schumann's music. Others have not followed his example, nor has Mr. Chappell himself repeated the experiment; nevertheless, there is evidently a growing desire to know more of Schumann, and thus, if possible, secure for him in England the position to which in Germany he is very generally accorded. Herr Pauer, who has always eloquently pleaded the cause of Schumann, was not likely to be in the rear of Schumann's zealous disciples at the present moment; and so his supporters were treated at his morning concert in the Hanover Square Rooms to the Trio No. 2—executants, Herr Lauterbach (violin), M. Pague (violoncello), and Herr Pauer (pianoforte). A slow movement and *finale* from Handel's second organ concerto (arranged for pianoforte), and a *gavotte*, by J. S. Bach, played with masterly clearness, showed Herr Pauer's proficiency in

music which has nothing in common with the music of Schumann, but is not for that the less eminently genuine and attractive. The other solo performances of the concert-giver consisted chiefly of new compositions by himself. Some "*Variations Symphoniques*," so called, on an air from Handel's *Samson*, the most pretentious and least intelligible part of which is the title, wherein they differ entirely from the "*Variations Symphoniques*," so called of Schumann; a "*Bolero*" and a "*Caprice Hongrois*," with "transcriptions" of Adolar's beautiful romance, and the characteristic Hunting Chorus from Weber's opera of *Euryanthe*, were all welcome, if only on account of the ingenious manner in which they are written, and the studious anxiety with which their composer has endeavoured to avoid falling into the path, so hacknied, of modern *fantasia*.

Herr Pauer, however, did not restrict himself to solos. Besides Schumann's Trio, he introduced the *Allegro Brillant* in A (Op. 92), of Mendelssohn, for two pianofortes. This, showy, vigorous, and animated piece was, perhaps, on the whole, the most effective of the day. At one of the pianofortes was Herr Pauer himself, at the other Mlle. Bettelheim, the excellent *contralto*, from Her Majesty's Theatre, whose ability as a pianist is at least equal to her ability as a singer. Practised as a master as is Herr Pauer, he found his match in this clever lady, who played passage after passage with such extreme neatness and perfect accentuation that but for the more powerful tone of her companion it would not have been easy to decide at an instant's notice which was which. Lastly, there were two very interesting arrangements by Herr Pauer. The first was a *romanza* by Mozart, breathing the pure essence of melody; the second a *Rondo Pastoral*, founded on "Rustic dances," by Beethoven. The *romanza*, for clarinet, with pianoforte accompaniment, was played by Mr. Lazarus as, probably, no one else could play it; the *Rondo*, a *concertante* for the two instruments, was, in its way, equally happy.

The concert possessed other attractions which may be briefly noted. Herr Lauterbach (accompanied by Herr Pauer) played an *Andante* and *Finale*, for violin, by Lafont, so well that it might almost have passed for what it really is not—a composition of some value. Herr Reichardt gave his own very graceful song, "I love thee," with a taste as refined as it was unaffected; Mlle. Lina Sternberg gave specimens of Mendelssohn, Gordiniani, and Donizetti ("O Luce di quest' anima"), and Herr Joseph Hauser introduced two *Lieder* by Schubert, one of which ("Wohin") is among the most genial and charming of the "600," and two by Schumann—"Der Nussbaum" and "Frühlingsnacht"—which show at least the "upward-striving," if they fail to attain the same height as the *Lieder* of his more gifted compatriot. Herr Hauser sang them all with true expression.

Some of the songs were accompanied by that young and rising pianist Mr. Franklin Taylor. Altogether the concert was one of Herr Pauer's most successful. The attendance was fashionable and numerous.

### Muttoniana.

The Muttonians, having all lost their money at Epsom, except Dr. Silent (who never bets), they console themselves at the I O U Club, while Dr. Silent, once more (and the last time for the present), sees to the issuing forth of *Muttoniana*.

NEIL WARNER.

Sir,—Mr. Neil Warner, a tragedian of colonial celebrity, has commenced an engagement at Sadler's Wells in the character of Othello. Whether he has those exceptional qualities which will enable him to produce a great sensation among the *blasé* public of London may be doubted, but it is not too much to say that his performance is far more creditable than that of many ambitious aspirants. His voice is singularly good, his figure commanding, and his delivery seems to be the result of intelligent study. I am, Sir, yours obediently,

To Dr. Abraham Silent.

GEORGE GRIEF.

CAREY STREET.

Sir,—Will you call the attention of the Metropolitan Board of Works to the following fact?—There is now being built at the corner of Carey Street, Chancery Lane, one of the handsomest blocks of buildings in London, and of considerable breadth, in Carey Street. Conterminous with that breadth in Carey Street, an ugly, tumble-down range of buildings has just been pulled down, and as it was out of the line of street, and left barely room for a carriage to pass, I in my simplicity set it down to the list of good works of the Board of Works, and rejoiced in the prospect of a wider and immensely improved street. Judge, then, of my astonishment and disgust when I saw a day or two ago, on both sides at each end that the ground was so thickly

held," and was "to let" for building purposes. I believe every human being who passes up Chancery Lane will agree with me that it would be a lasting disgrace if that were to happen, and if it were not thrown into the street. Your obedient servant,

To Dr. Silent, M.D.

THEOPHILUS PAPER.

Dr. Silent breaks silence to say that he has not seen Mr. Levi Coffin for many months. Mr. Paper's insinuation is therefore worthless—"valuable freehold" or the contrary. What has Mr. Leicester Buckingham to do with the widening of Carey Street?

MADAME EUGENE OSWALD.

Sir,—Mad. Eugene Oswald gave a concert on the afternoon of May 25, at Messrs. Collard's Rooms, where a numerous audience listened to a selection of vocal and instrumental works, chiefly from the great masters. Madame Oswald is an artist of considerable ability, not aspiring to a first-rate position as a performer of pianoforte music. Her principal solo was Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata*. Madame Oswald, moreover, sustained the pianoforte part in Schumann's trio in G minor, supported by Messrs. Strauss and Paque; in Schubert's *Rondo* in B minor for violin, and piano; and in Hummel's sonata in A for pianoforte and violoncello—proving herself in each instance at once a timist and an executant. Schubert's *Rondo* was heartily enjoyed. The vocal pieces were sung by Madame Oliviero and Mr. Renwick. Herr Wilhelm Ganz was accompanist. Your obedient servant,

BOULTER WEBB.

Nay, Engel, we cannot part thus—*sans reproches*. "An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art," etc. I see you do not like jokes, so let us now talk seriously. What are you in the sea of artists?—now reflect before you answer—if you say you're L. Engel, it's tantamount to nothing—so be careful. We want to know not *who* you are but *what* you are, that you should dispense opinions in that cavalier sort of way and put your name to them. Your *aplomb* is *ebrouffant*, *mon cher*, your confidence, shocking; your English, Dutch; your selfsufficiency, indecent. Don't get angry now, for I am not joking, but very serious indeed. For goodness' sake look at your letters from the continent! Disinter them; scrape off the earth you must have scratched over your effusions, and contemplate the matter in the shape of *self* you committed to paper.

Again, you know, Engel, we don't believe one half you say about yourself, for the simple reason that no one talks of Engel but Engel. "*Vous êtes un fat, mon ami*," I once said to a man in your case, but from respect for these columns and the worthy editor (Mr. Ap'Mutton, not Shoe, or Queer, or Silent, or any of those fellows) I abstain from calling you anything—so mind, mark this, I call you absolutely nothing—don't say, therefore, I am vulgar and call you names. I went the other day to several west-end music-shops and found out at once that you are a harmonicon player. Now I like the harmonicon in its way, and it's much a pity you did not complete the advertisement in your last letter by telling us when and where you were to play, the prices of admission, and so forth. Clever trick of yours that! You did Dr. Silent. Mr. Ap'Mutton or Mr. D. Peters would have put that part of your letter in another page and charged you five shillings.

When Nelson played the harmonicon and the wood and straw instrument at the Alhambra (when it was a circus) I frequently went to hear and see him; he was very amusing, and the manner in which he used to turn a somersault at the end of his performance was very droll. I am told you do not do this; it is nevertheless very effective.

My French is as good as your English any day. Have you a dictionary? Look to it. I sought mine, thinking I might have misused *enjamber*; but no, I find it's quite right *au figuratif*—"let him amuse himself, I shall have the advantage over him," or "steal a march upon him," or "the best of it" or "advance on him, beat him," &c., &c. *Enjamber* may mean also to bestride, like *enfourcher*—we bestride asses. Again an *enjamement* is, in poetry, where the sense of a thing, commenced in one verse, is concluded in a part of the very next—when your sense begins, we know we shall see a speedy termination to it. As to who I am, Engel, nobody but you wishes to know. I write a great deal, and, like most people whose business it is not or ought not to be, I write mostly rubbish, like you. The indulgence of the editors now and then admit our contributions—as a punishment I do believe. Those who put their names, as you do, suffer awfully, whilst I, who sign modestly "Poodle," don't care a rap. I go about and hear people pitch in to Poodle, and I laugh—but you don't laugh when people pitch into you, Engel. I take example from my betters who contribute to these columns—many of them write sense, sound critiques, and good English, and they sign with a *nom de plume*. Do you likewise, or, better still, don't write any more, stick to the harmonicon and to your dignities. But if you must know who I am, meet me next week at the corner of Hyde Park, tenth tree from the railings, twenty-third chair near the grass plot. I



shall be looking straight before me and smoking a cigar. Adieu, Engel. Yours, &c.,  
AP'POODLE.

Dr. Silent breaks silence to say that he has a dictionary at the service of either Herr Engel or Mr. Ap'Poodle, and that he also will be, next week, at chair 23, tree 10, smoking a cigar and looking straight before him, to prevent foul play. Dr. Silent will also bring swords and pistols.

TO LEICESTER BUCKINGHAM, ESQ.

DEAR BUCK.—The comic songs of the day are among the strangest fruits of modern civilization. Concerning the greater number of them it may fairly be averred that when our posterity a few hundred years hence learn that such productions made Englishmen of the nineteenth century laugh, they will feel heartily ashamed of their forefathers. Their composition can be accounted for only by supposing the existence in the minds of their authors of a conviction that there is a sufficient amount of imbecility afloat in the world to ensure for its like a cordial greeting. The loftiest intellect can feel keen delight at the ebullitions of genuine wit and humour, but it is really difficult to fathom the depths of mental inanity which must be needed to enable a man to roar with mirth at twaddle of the direst boshiness. Yet every one who is at all conversant with this sort of lyric literature must feel that it is only by such a term that the greater portion of it can be fitly characterised. There are few things more humiliating to our pride in the dignity of human nature than listening to a fellow-creature singing such unutterable rubbish, and hearing some hundreds of men and women yell with frantic pleasure at his performance. But it is a stern fact that such exhibitions of mutual self-degradation are to be met with amongst us every day, and it is curious to note that each of these emanations of aimless silliness appears in its turn to possess the power of an epidemic. It is not many years since the town was drawn night after night for months to hang upon the lips of an individual with smudged face, who hopped about the stage, declaring that under all conceivable circumstances he felt that he had no alternative but to "Jump Jim Crow." There was not in his performance a scintilla of real fun: antics and words were equally beneath contempt; and yet the mania for this nonsense spread through all classes of society like the influenza. More recent effusions of the same kind which have attained equal popularity have been not one iota less purposeless and idiotic. Who that was gifted with the most acute perception of the ludicrous could ever detect an atom of real drollery in "Old Bob Ridley," whose remarks upon himself were dinned into our ears until they ached again? Could any rational man fail to blush if he caught himself laughing at the spectacle of an able-bodied man jumping up and down propounding the while the facetious assertion that he was the "Perfect Cure"? Why should any sane being have ever conceived that there was the smallest spice of fun in the incessantly repeated exclamation that he wished he was with Nancy? Yet these things and others quite as asinine were transcendently popular in their day, and by no means exclusively among the humbler orders. The genteel patrons of fashionable West-End theatres have been heard to scream with delight when Mr. H. J. Byron caused one of his burlesque personages to sing "Skidamalink ma doodum di," and made another vocalise "Jib up in a jubem jay"—burthens of renowned comic songs the words of which were every bit as senseless as their refrains. Fun is an excellent thing in its way, but mere pointless nonsense is not fun, and it is not easy to feel much respect for those whom it can provoke to a smile. These comic songs, which are anything but comic, have hitherto pestered us chiefly in the streets, where they were shrieked out by dirty urchins with aggravating pertinacity; but the latest novelty of the kind has soared above the vulgar atmosphere, and made its appearance before one of our high legal tribunals. For two days the court of Common Pleas has been engaged in trying the momentous question whether the words—"Slap bang, here we are again—such jolly dogs are we"—are or are not the copyright of a certain music-publisher. Into the legal question involved it is not our business here to enter; it was shown that these identical brilliant expressions had been used in another song written some time ago, and so the claim of the plaintiff at once fell to the ground. It might fairly be doubted whether the law for the protection of literary copyright was ever intended to be strained for the service of such very small deer, and if it had been so decreed, the declaration of an individual right of property in such familiar phrases as "How d'ye do?" and "D'ye think we shall have any rain?" would have seemed a sequence which we must naturally expect. But we wish simply to direct attention to the fact now placed in evidence on the records of one of our superior courts, that the words which we have quoted constitute the whole point of the song and give it its commercial value, which the publisher declares to be at this moment 300*l.*, but which he avers would have been 700*l.* if this phrase had not been subsequently used elsewhere. Could anything place in a more contemptible light the taste of those with whom

such effusions find favour? The author of the words we are glad to see, is not proud of his handiwork; he said of the song that "it had attained great popularity, a fact which did not say much for the taste of the British public," and we are entirely of his opinion. But of the favour attained by this trash there could be no question; it was not only sung in a host of places and parodied by many popular writers, but its sale, according to the publisher, rose from two hundred copies per week in October to six hundred per week in February, and he admitted that he made a profit of thirteen-pence halfpenny on every copy. Does not this give a very melancholy view of the condition of public taste in this age which is wont to boast so loudly of its enlightenment? A genuine comic song is a thing by no means to be despised, but the contemptible balderdash which under this guise has been flooding us for some time past is simply a disgrace to our generation. Yours, dear Buck,  
AUGUSTUS EAGLE.

Dr. Silent refers Mr. Augustus Eagle to a leading article signed "SHAVER SILVER," in another column.

— "Tollite barbarum  
Morem."

What does the poet ask of consecrated Apollo? For what prayeth he?

PAGANINI REDIVIVUS.

DEAR DR. SILENT—All the puzzles (and these be many) of the verses quoted in your last dwindle to insignificance beside the absorbing enigma—what is a "Sestubody?" I am indifferently skilled in Greek and Latin, but can make nothing of it; moreover, I have a friend who is deep in the Asian mystery, has more than once smoked a pipe with the "coming man," and carries Sanskrit and all its progeny at his fingers' ends. To him I applied, but he only shook his head in blank bewilderment. The East at least, he said, was guiltless of such a vocable. It suddenly occurs to me that, after all, "Sestu" may be intended as Latin for a "sixth part," and that the "subscriber" (to use an appropriate Sestuisim) merely wished to sign himself the "sixth part of a man." In other words—according with the ratio of 6 to 9—he claimed to be just one third part better than a tailor, and no more! But minor puzzles will intrude themselves. Thrice does the poet fervently exclaim, "Arise! Redivivus." Why "Arise" to a man already Redivivus? Is this canny Scotch? Is it not much more like an inverted parallel to the Hibernian notion of knocking down a man already prostrate at your feet. Again, "R-divivus" is invoked as "the people's son of song!" Now, if it be literally suggested that—in racing phrase—the violinist was begotten by People out of Song, the pedigree thus indicated may be worth something, or nothing, according to the character of the "dam." Considering the vagabond tendency of the "people's" musical amours just now, it (the pedigree, I mean) can scarcely be deemed recommendatory. And now, puzzle last (not least)—is "Redivivus" joking with Mr. Ap'Mutton's beard? Or does he honestly think the grotesque flattery of "a Sestubody" to be so far worthy a place in the *Times* as to ask any Muttonian (far more you, my revered friend, Silent) to bestir himself towards getting it there? If so, alack! for music and its professors! Yours as ever,  
ARIAS ROOK.

#### ORGANS IN SCOTCH CHURCHES.

SIR.—Some of the divines who have met at Edinburgh lately seem to have a remarkable forgetfulness of Holy Writ. Dr. Begg is reported to have said that the Church of Scotland "disallowed all instrumental music, as not appointed by God in His worship." One might have expected that there would have been at least one of his hearers who could have reminded him of sundry exhortations to the use of musical instruments in Divine worship which are to be found in the book of Psalms. But the origin of Scotch hatred of organs is little known north of Tweed. In the days when Popery prevailed in Scotland, the front of the organ was the place where images of saints were fixed, and the organ itself thence came to be regarded by the Puritans as the especial representation of Papal abominations. When the opportunity presented itself the organs in Scotland, with their hateful images, were so utterly demolished that the iconoclasts left no evidence that they had really had some reasonable grounds for their detestation of the "box of whusle pipes," and succeeding generations grew up with the memory of the hatred, but not of its foundation. It will be long, however, before reason overcomes national feeling, and the Scotch regard an organ as a case of trumpets, which David or Solomon, Ezra or Nehemiah, would probably have given many shekels of silver to dedicate to the service of the Temple.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
TRUMPETS AND SHAWMS.

Dr Silent breaks silence to say that he has nothing to say to the question. *Brevis laborat obscurus (non) fit.*

Fish and Volume, June 9.

Abraham Silent.

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TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. O. L.—The term "deceptive wretch" is not properly applied. The young lady should undertake her lessons at once. Delays are dangerous.

E. P.—The trouble of writing an acrostic is sometimes great. Supposing the name contained two X's. The writer did not ask too much for his labor.

BIRTH.

On the 7th instant, at St. Lyes, Bedford, the wife of P. H. DIEMER, Esq., of a son.

On Friday June 9th, Mr. CHARLES JEFFERYS, of Soho Square, aged 58.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1865.

THE performance at Munich—according to the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*—of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* is certainly an event in musical history, in the first place because it is a proof of the unusual patronage bestowed on music by a German King, and, secondly, because it may lead to a decision as to Wagner's talent, or, more properly, Wagner's system; for, according to his own statements, it is his best work, being written and set to music in more consistent accordance with the principles laid down in his writings, *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, *Oper und Drama*, *Drei Opern-Gedichte*, etc., than *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*.

During the preparations for the grand rehearsal there was a prelude not mentioned by the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, though the correspondent of that journal, writing from Munich, declares he feels, as strongly as anyone can, that certain words uttered by Herr von Bülow were in keeping neither with the aristocracy of birth nor the aristocracy of art. As, however, the other papers have spread abroad the piece of gossip in question, the *Niederrheinische* makes room for Herr von Bülow's explanation, addressed to the editor of the Munich *Neuste Nachrichten* of the 7th May.

"The well-meaning and polite tone in which you call on me for an explanation of the charge made against me, and discussed in today's number of your esteemed paper, imposes upon me the obligation of immediately responding to your wish. It is perfectly true that, after the conclusion of the orchestral rehearsal of the 2nd May, I employed an expression that I do not hesitate designating as highly unparliamentary, and I do so the more readily because a far more brutal sense is attributed to it here than elsewhere. Still, until I read your summons to me, I considered it idle to meet the misconception of the public by the assurance that I did not, in the slightest degree, intend to convey a general aspersion on the educated public of Munich. It is an established fact that an artist possesses, especially as far as regards the press, no other support than the public; my highly honoured friend, Herr Richard Wagner, has, for instance, found such a one in the Munich public, and my own professional efforts, also, have been fortunate enough to meet with a friendly reception from the same!—Consequently, in what I said, which, as reported, was separated from the context, and materially misrepresented, I was thinking, and could be thinking, only of those—evil-disposed—frequenters of the theatre who are suspected of having taken part in the verbal and written calumnies and intrigues got up against the highly honoured master. The unfortunate expression which escaped me was heard in the semi-obscurity of the stage by persons who were half concealed from my sight, and who had only a fragmentary knowledge of the words preceding the expression. This fact is an excuse for those who spread abroad the misconception, but it does not diminish the painful regret I experienced at finding a piece of carelessness in private conversation, and one which, at the worst, should be censured only as too strong an exclamation, trumpeted forth in so irritating and exceedingly exaggerated a manner, that the sole alternative left me was to allow people to suppose me guilty of a want of politeness, or of healthy understanding. You, Sir, have afforded me an opportunity of making this explanation to the Munich public, and I beg you to accept the expression of my warmest thanks, etc."

Previous to the grand rehearsal, which took place before a specially invited audience (as in the case of Meyerbeer's *Africaine* in Paris), Richard Wagner made the following speech:—

"Gentlemen and Friends of the Royal Court-Orchestra, may I beg you to grant me your attention for a few moments. During the difficult rehearsals, I endeavoured, now and then, to cheer you by a few joking words, but I have now to speak only words of earnestness.—In the first place, I must inform you that I am obliged, on this occasion, to renounce the honour of putting myself at your head. And this honor I give up is a great honour; weighty reasons alone, as you may well believe, induce me to take this step. The first of these reasons is for me of a painful nature: it is the state of my health. I am more ailing than I appear, probably, to many; the extraordinary excitement and exertion which the personal direction of the orchestra would cause me, might easily render me incapable, without some interruption in our



arrangements, of presiding over your performances. Let me beg you to believe implicitly in the truth of this apprehension on my part.—The second reason, on the other hand, is elevating and beautiful: I am no longer needed for your success! If you correctly understand me, what I now say is the tenderest praise. You do not need me. My work has merged into you; out of you it comes to me; I can calmly enjoy it. This is an unique piece of happiness. The most Beautiful is attained; the artist may be forgotten in his work! That which those dear artists, who followed me hither as friends, have, with such devoted love, made part and parcel of themselves, must have been worth their love; that which you, with such extraordinary industry, and indefatigable patience, have, after the most laborious exercises, fostered till it has become a beautiful fact, must have repaid your trouble. Difficulties such as never before existed have been overcome: the task is accomplished, and the salvation of the artist is achieved—oblivion! Oblivion of him personally! How gladly do I find myself forgotten! I, too, have to forget many and various things from which I have individually suffered. This blissful and be-freeing oblivion I now invoke, for my dear friend, also, who will occupy my place of honour at your head: may he, too, as an individual, be forgotten in what he does, for which, you, like myself, will manifest all the appreciation due to it!—And now, just one word as to the character of our rehearsals. To-day, among ourselves, we shall treat the work exactly in the same way as at a first performance. We want to try our strength, reserving for a recapitulatory rehearsal, at a very near date, the task of correcting any deficiencies we may meet with, and thus to-day enjoy the full feeling of the artistic performance. All that will be left for the first actual representation will be to see the effect produced upon the public properly so-called—for to-day we are in the presence only of auditors invited to a rehearsal. I entertain no fear of the contact with the real public. It was the German public that always sustained me against the strongest attacks of party everywhere; the Munich public, too, I can confidently trust. You witnessed, a short time since, how it sustained me against unworthy attacks and insults aimed at my honour. Perhaps, however, hatred cannot be extinguished everywhere: we employ against it the means which *Tristan und Isolde* has taught us. Isolde thinks she hates Tristan, and gives him the deadly draught, but Fate transforms it into the draught of love. To any heart filled with poison which may approach our work, we will offer the draught of love. It is for you to exert this magic of love; I place my work in your hands."

Herr von Bülow's speech followed:—

"Permit me, also, highly honoured gentlemen and comrades in art publicly to give expression to the sensations which have affected me since I have enjoyed the distinguished honour of co-operating with you towards the performance of that work of art, the representation of which will be consecrated to-day. The high honour of which Herr Richard Wagner has deemed me worthy, by thus entrusting to me the task of conducting one of his most magnificent as well as most difficult tonal poems, fills me with all the prouder pleasure and ardent gratitude, because it has placed me in communication with the first artists in Germany, in communication with the brilliant art-institute which the Royal Bavarian Court Chapel represents. This intercourse, much honoured Sirs, has only increased my admiration of you; the genuinely artistic zeal, the ideal earnestness, the loving and self-oblivious devotion for the cause, which I have found existing in every individual of this respectable corporation, indeed elevates my heart, while your readiness, shown in various ways, to extend to me on your part the confidence manifested in me by the great master, and, in a certain degree, to corroborate it, has deeply and thankfully touched me. Allow me to assure you of my warmest sympathy, and of my most sincere esteem; allow me to assure you of my lasting gratitude for the kindly support, by which you rendered it possible for me to do justice to the highly honourable task entrusted to me. The tie of co-operation now uniting us will soon be severed—but the happiness it has afforded me will for ever remain a fresh and joyous fact in my memory, and be one of the purest and most beautiful reminiscences of my professional career. Allow me to hope that, on your side, also, the remembrance of the fact will not be disturbed by any misconception. Kindly continue to evince at the public performances the flattering confidence and friendly support that you have manifested at the rehearsals towards me—the temporary conductors' staff of Richard Wagner.

It is not difficult to perceive the real gist of these apparently modest effusions. Of the general rehearsal, the *Allgemeine Zeitung* writes as follows:—

"In the opera of *Tristan und Isolde*, the first act, played on board the ship in which the hero Tristan brings Isolde as bride to his King, is indisputably the most telling. The whole of the second act passes in an insupportably long and ecstatic whirl of love, till King Marke

surprises the enamoured couple in the forest, and reads the faithless hero a declamatory lecture of a fearful length. The last act, in Tristan's castle in Brittany, is almost completely taken up by the yearning, amounting nearly to madness, of the wounded Tristan for his Isolde, until he is delivered by death from the effects of the 'fearful potion.' As the general rehearsal was equivalent to a 'model performance,' we may be allowed to pronounce an opinion of the value of the work. You will, doubtless, receive detailed accounts from professional men. To the sincere regret of your correspondent, who does not belong to the principal opponents of the 'Music of the Future,' he feels bound to state that nearly all the opinions of recognised judges which he heard are not only unfavourable but absolutely damning in their purport. Richard Wagner has in this instance carried to the highest pitch his favourite system of renouncing aught like melody, and strictly adapting purely declamatory music with suitable instrumentation to the sense and language of the dramatic action. In this so-called opera there is really and truly not the most distant approach to song. The voices of the singers and the orchestra, which plays a most prominent part, are simply condemned to sigh and lament, to exult and triumph, to rage and almost to bellow, with the *libretto*, which is often quite devoid of sense. The music merely accompanies feeling or passionate words. This opera may, indeed, justly be called the culminating point of the 'Music of the Future,' with which, according as it finds permanent appreciation or condemnation, it will stand or fall."

The representation began at 10 o'clock, a.m., immediately Herr Richard Wagner and Herr von Bülow had concluded their speeches. It lasted five hours and a half, the King, who came soon after the commencement, remaining to the end. The theatre was lighted up as though for an evening performance. Herr Richard Wagner, who had ensconced himself in the recesses of a private box, was called for at the termination of each act, but did not respond to the summons. The costumes are very original, and the scenery exceedingly well painted. The *mise-en-scène* cost above 36,000 florins, and, according to good authority, Herr and Mad. Schnorr received 2000 florins each for the expenses of their journey to, and stay in, Munich; and Herren Mitterwurger and Zottmayer, 1600 florins each. Furthermore, as *feux* at each of the three public performances, Herr and Mad. Schnorr were to have 500 florins each; Madlle. Deinet, 300 florins; Herren Heinrich and Simons, 200 florins each; and Herren Hartman and Bohlig, 100 florins each. The first public performance was to have taken place on the 15th of May, but, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Mad. Schnorr von Carolsfeld, it had to be postponed, to the great disappointment of the numerous visitors who had come to Munich for the express purpose of being present.

#### SLAP BANG.

THOUGH we are not universally admitted to be a "musical nation," the animal spirits of the British Islanders are apt occasionally to burst forth in song,—generally "comic" in intention if not in reality. At certain intervals a convivial after-supper sentiment, or declaration, suddenly grows into the dignity of a watchword, which is bandied about between the youth of the community from Berwick-upon-Tweed to Penzance. The elegantly-worded, semi-pantomimic assertion now used to express entire liberty of the subject, and intense enjoyment of London night life after sober citizens have gone to rest, is "Slap bang, here we are again." It is perhaps humiliating to know that the spring from which issues the most popular lyric of the day rises in a Music Hall platform, and is presided over by one of the dreary jesters appreciated thereat; but it is also comforting to think that, as oblivion has overtaken specimens of a far better class stamped by the talent, and even genius, of those who wrote and sang them, so that mercifully thick veil will soon descend upon "Slap bang" and blot out all recollection of the uproarious trifle in the success of another and, it is to be hoped, a better song. That affecting poetical biography, "Nix my dolly, pals," was cradled in a regular theatre, and was part of a legitimate performance, yet who feels anxious to obey the command and "nix dollys" (whatever the process may imply) now? The most famous Norma of ancient or modern days may have forgotten having sung "Nix my dolly" in an Irish theatre, but it is asserted that she did; and, if true, a greater proof of

deference to popular taste can hardly be imagined. Where is the Jack Shepard lyric now?—and what has become of "Villikins and his Dinah," "The rat-catcher's daughter," or "Old dog Tray." These, and countless others, have been in their days familiar enough in the mouths of roysterers; but, if the subtle genius of "little Robson" failed to secure a permanent fame for good songs, how shall a "great Vamp" procure the distinction for one which its writer appears to consider little better than worthless? The prosperous Vamp has had his "greatness" thrust upon him principally by means of this song, which, a few days since, formed a bone of contention in the Court of Common Pleas. "Slap bang" is the rage for the time being, and the times are certainly "out of joint" which allows such a commonplace, vapid effusion to become enormously popular. That the sympathies of those fortunate youths who, having less brains than means, affect that identical style of "fast" life which the song details would be enlisted in its behalf, is a matter of no surprise; neither is it to be wondered at if the "bravos" of the "howling swells" find their thousands of echoes among a larger class of weak-minded imitators, who have every desire to go the same rounds of what is called "pleasure," but whose resources are inconveniently limited. It is, however, something remarkable that men can sit quietly to see themselves so caricatured; and the "great Vamp" must like a man of more sense than his hearers laugh in his very capacious sleeve much as his author bravely sneers at the taste of the noble "British public." If the masculine cream of the "Argyll," and the "jolly dogs" at Cremorne, can recognise their own likenesses in the effigy provided by the great "Vamp," sensible men will wish them joy of their uncommonly white hats, chocolate coloured coats, and orange coloured trousers, and the mirror will be held up to that exceedingly obtuse kind of nature which delights in being made out more contemptibly inane than it really is. "Here we are again" is not a pantomimic formula from which we may expect to be delivered, at least ten months in the year, but with its expressive prefix (implying, we believe, in the language of slang, "cheap cook-shop") is heard a hundred times a day. Little girls with large hoops, who bask in the sun on Primrose Hill, carol the tuneful refrain; city clerks with an affection for the "Pavilion," but passing poor on eighty pounds a year, find the magic melody running through their brains as they go plodding on at ponderous ledgers; whippers of coal begin their labours at early morning with the universal "Slap bang;" ragged school urchins burst into London courts and alleys with the phrase upon their lips; and young ladies, who bend their Cupid's bows to repeat the cant sayings of brothers, cousins, or lucky individuals even dearer than these, exchange the password "Here we are again" at genteel flower shows. Such is the origin, and such is the popularity of "Slap bang," but "Hear it not, Duncan." Mr. Harry Copeland, the author, considers that out of a hundred comic songs he has written, this is "the worst of all." Ninety-nine are better than "Slap bang," and, in the estimation of the poet, the fact of its having attained great popularity, does "not say much for the taste of the British public." There is something more than ordinarily refreshing in these incidents of the copyright wrangle between Mr. D'Alcorn, who first published the song, and Mr. Sheard, who produced one alleged to be extremely like it. The most interesting result of the legal inquiry was the correct estimate of the public taste, and the courageous rebuke administered by the last person who could have been expected to do anything of the kind. Mr. Harry Copeland is to be highly commended for even practically exceeding the policy implied in the words, "On their own merits modest men are dumb," and for absolutely depreciating his own verses. Such candour and self-sacrifice are rarely met with, and his honest, straightforward condemnation of public taste is about the most forcible lesson which could have been administered to the admirers of such doleful compositions as "Slap bang." Mr. Copeland evidently thought little of his song from the beginning, for he sold the copyright to the plaintiff in the action *D'Alcorn v. Sheard for one guinea*, and "thought himself remarkably well paid." The originality of the unfortunate "Slap bang" was attacked in the course of the investigation. The music was asserted to resemble that of an "obscure" or "obscene" (reporters differ) song called "The Bungalow;" also that words similar to the refrain had been sung in a Surrey pantomime, "Hey Diddle Diddle, the Cat's in the Fiddle." A Mr. Whymark, in 1858, indited a poetical fragment

called "Slap Bang; or, the Adventures of Solomon Slip-Stech," and it contained the passage "Here we are again, love, here we are again, what jolly folks are we." Mr. Whymark sang it himself "at all the London concert rooms" (?),—"sold the right to sing it for 30s. to a person named Roberts," from whom it was transmitted to another "person"—Walker. Mr. Thomas, a Liverpool concert-room proprietor, received "The Bungalow" from a captain, "who brought it from America;" but the Transatlantic chorus was so objectionable that Mr. Thomas modified it to "Slap bang, here we are again," and by the two first words the song was known on the banks of the Mersey. In 1861 the Bungalow chorus seems to have been introduced in the Surrey pantomime, and these facts being proved, the verdict was finally given for the defendant.

SILVER SHAVER.

#### THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

THE month of September, which to the sporting mind brings visions of dogs, guns, stubble-fields, and partridges, presents a different aspect to those whose business it is to keep the public "posted up" (as our American cousins have it) in musical affairs. Wearied with months of attendance at operas, concerts, oratorios, &c., &c., night after night (and frequently day after day), breathing the heated atmosphere of crowded buildings, listening to sweet sounds until the effect of such excess of sweetness produces a result almost equivalent to a surfeit, say of figs, Bath-buns, barley-sugar, and treacle, washed down with "eau sucré;" satiated, disgusted, wishing in the "depth of his inner consciousness" that music had never been invented—longing to rush off to Baden, Brighton, Mesopotamia, Margate, Greenland, Greenwich, anywhere; the jaded critic might reasonably expect that the close of the London season would bring at least an instalment of that rest of which he stands so much in need. But it is otherwise ordained; and if the unhappy individual does get away from this brick and mortar Babel it is but in the performance of similar duties elsewhere, in the shape of attendance at musical festivals, which, whatever attraction they may present locally, have (with one exception) little or no influence on art. This year (happily) there is but one gathering, and that in the old city of Gloucester, where the triennial meeting of the choirs will excite its usual interest. Mr. J. H. Brown, most zealous and courteous of secretaries, has long been at work on the very important preliminary proceeding upon which the success of the festival more or less hinges, and has succeeded in obtaining something like eighty stewards—a perfectly astonishing number when we bear in mind that, not many years since, it was with the greatest difficulty that even eight gentlemen could be found willing to undertake the responsibility.

Following the example which has met with so much favor the last few years, the first morning, instead of being monopolised by full Service, with the invariable overture to *Esther*, Dettingen Te Deum, Coronation Anthem, sermon, &c., is to be devoted to oratorio, and Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* is announced as the opening oratorio. The second day a selection will be given, Mozart's *Requiem* forming the most important feature. A festival without *Elijah* and the *Messiah* would be almost like *Hamlet* with the Prince of Denmark omitted, and it is, therefore, almost needless to add that the Thursday and Friday mornings are filled up with these two undying works. What is to be done at the evening concerts remains to be seen when the more extended programme is issued; but the lovers of the pianoforte have the satisfaction of knowing that Madame Arabella Goddard's engagement is a guarantee that at least some good music will be given. The principal vocalists announced are Mdlle. Tietjens, Miss Louisa Pyne, Mdlme. Rudersdorff, Miss Eleanor Wilkinson, Dr. Gunz, Mr. Santley, and Mr. L. Thomas. Conspicuous by their absence are the names of Mr. Sims Reeves, without whom no festival of any pretension can be looked upon as complete, and Mr. Weiss, who has for so many years been held a deserved favorite at these meetings, while the want of a contralto can hardly fail to be noticed, for it cannot be the intention to entrust to a comparatively inexperienced young lady, with a mezzo soprano voice, the music which has usually found the most perfect exponent in Madame Sainton-Dolby.

The experiment tried last year at Hereford will be repeated at Gloucester, and the orchestra is to be erected under the west window instead of at the intersection of the transepts with nave and

choir as has hitherto been the rule. As the orchestra would be incomplete without an organ, Mr. Willis has been commissioned to erect one specially for the occasion. Dr. Wesly, who succeeded the late Mr. Amott as cathedral organist, will of course be the conductor, and, from all we learn, the present prospects of the music meeting of '65 are decidedly encouraging, although our own opinion inclines to the belief that the excitement of the forthcoming general election will have a somewhat adverse influence. We hope that our forebodings may be incorrect.

DRINKWATER HARD.

### THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF TRISTAN UND ISOLDE.

(From an old and undervalued Contributor.)

Sir,—On the 11th May, grand rehearsal. On the 16th May, the *Bayrische Zeitung* writes as follows:—

"The opera of *Tristan und Isolde*, which, on account of the sudden indisposition of Madame Schnorr von Carolsfeld, could not be produced yesterday evening, and was to have been produced, therefore, this evening, still cannot be performed, as the lady's indisposition continues. A very large number of strangers, some from very great distances, and among whom were many musical celebrities, had come on purpose to be present at the performance, and were doubtless much disappointed that it did not take place yesterday."

On the 18th May, another paper says:—

"Yesterday, at noon, his Majesty the King left for Castle Berg, on the Starnberger Lake, where he proposes stopping for some considerable time."

On the 20th May, a Munich correspondent writes thus to the *National Zeitung*:—

"*Tristan und Isolde* is indefinitely postponed. The young king has gone to the Starnberger Lake, and it is not settled when he will return. At present, Wagner no longer has any intercourse with him. Herr von Bülow has nothing more to do with the Theatre; Herr and Madame Schnorr von Carolsfeld have left. The subject of the opera is the cause of all this. The highly exaggerated billing and cooing, which lasted nearly an hour, in the first act, was characterised in a certain quarter as unrepresentable; all possible means were employed to divert the young king from his intention, and these efforts have proved successful."

On the 24th May, we find in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*:—

"Perhaps there can scarcely be found in the annals of the stage so decided an instance of misfortune as that which has befallen Richard Wagner with regard to the first representation of his opera, *Tristan und Isolde*. Thus the first performance, finally fixed for the day after to-morrow, had to be again deferred in consequence of the renewed indisposition of Madame von Schnorr, and, for the present, it is impossible to say when the performance will really take place."

They say Herr Richard Wagner is about to explain everything in a letter to Abbé Franz Liszt.

PETIPACE OF WINCHELSEA.

### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday *Faust e Margherita* was repeated.

On Monday the *Huguenots*, for the second time.

On Tuesday *Linda di Chamouni* was given for the first time, with Mdle. Adelina Patti as the heroine. The success of the new *Linda* was immense, and the whole opera was received with great favor. Signor Brignoli was Carlo, Signor Ronconi the Marchese, Signor Graziani Antonio, and Signor Capponi the Prefect. We shall give full particulars of this very exciting and interesting performance in our next.

On Thursday *Don Giovanni*.

Last night, *Faust e Margherita*.

To-night, *Linda di Chamouni* for the second time. P. P. P.

MDLLE. ILMA DE MURSKA will appear at Mr. Benedict's Grand Morning Concert at the St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, June 21

MDLLE. BETTELHEIM, the accomplished contralto at Her Majesty's Theatre, has left London to fulfil her engagement at the Vienna opera.

### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday *Fidelio* was repeated.

On Monday *Linda di Chamouni* was given, and Signor Gardoni replaced Signor Carrion in the part of Carlo—a manifest improvement, we need hardly say.

On Tuesday Cherubini's *Medea* was produced for the first time in this country, with triumphant success. The principal parts were sustained by Mdle. Titens (Medea), Mdle. Sinico (Neria), Mdle. Redi (Lamia), Mdle. de Moya (Clyte), Miss Laura Harris (Dirce), Mr. Santley (Creon), and Herr Ganz (Jason). For particulars see another column.

On Thursday Mdle. Titens being indisposed, the second performance of *Medea* was rendered impossible, and the *Barbiere* was substituted, Mdle. Trebelli making her first appearance this season in her popular part of Rosina. Signor Gardoni was Count Almaviva, Signor Zacchi, Figaro, Signor Rossi, Don Basilio, and Signor Scalse, Bartolo. Mdle. Trebelli had a great reception, sang and acted her best, and introduced the *rondo finale* from *La Cenerentola* in the lesson scene, and was loudly encored.

To-night, *La Sonnambula* with Mdle. de Murska.

On Tuesday *Medea* will be given for the second time.

Signor Arditi's grand concert took place yesterday morning. We shall give details in our next. P. P. P.

### MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The programme of the third concert, which took place on Wednesday evening, was as follows:—

PART I.—Overture (*Athalie*)—Mendelssohn; Scena, "A lovely peasant girl" (*The Lily of Killarney*)—Benedict; Concerto, No. 9, in D minor, violin—Spohr; Recit. and air, "O ruddier than the cherry" (*Acis and Galatea*)—Handel; Overture (*The Wood-Nymphs*)—Bennett.

PART II.—Symphony in A, No. 7—Beethoven; Serenade, "Del vieni alla finestra" (*Don Giovanni*)—Mozart; Overture (*Anacreon*)—Cherubini.

Mr. Santley was the singer. Particulars in our next.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

DEAR SIR,—My son-in-law, Capt. Carvell, died on the 25th of April, in Lima, Peru, and not on Tuesday last as it is written in this week's *Musical World*. Circumstances will compel my daughter, Mrs. Carvell, to resume her professional duties on the 22nd of June. Therefore, if you will kindly correct this little error she will feel greatly obliged. I remain, dear Sir, faithfully yours, E. PAREFA.  
17, Gloucester Crescent, Hyde Park, W., June 5.

MR. AGUILAR's last "reception" on Wednesday next, the 14th inst.

MADAME LA BARONNE VIGIER (*née* Sophie Cruvelli) has arrived in Paris from Nice, where she habitually resides.

M. DURET, member of the Institute, and one of the most celebrated sculptors in France, died recently in the fifty-ninth year of his age. He was married to Mdle. Turcas, granddaughter of Cherubini.

SIGNOR ROTA, the most celebrated and prolific of Italian choreographers, composer of the ballets *La Maschera*, *Cléopâtre*, *Forfallo*, *La Sylphide de Pékin*, and many others, died a short time since at Turin, where his obsequies were solemnized with extraordinary pomp and splendor.

MR. CHARLES JEFFREYS.—Our readers will regret to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Charles Jeffreys, the well-known music publisher of Soho Square. On Thursday evening, after attending a vestry meeting, he had a slight attack of illness, and on Friday at two o'clock he was no more.

MADAME PUZZI'S CONCERT.—One of the most attractive pieces at this fashionable *réunion* was a new *canzonetta*, "Sognai," the composition of Signor Schira. This charming "reverie" was sung to perfection by Miss Louisa Pyne and unanimously encored. "Sognai," we have little doubt, will be often heard in the London concert-rooms, and let us hope from the lips of the same accomplished English songstress.

FLORENCE.—Herr Johann Becker has been giving several concerts with great success. At the third concert he produced a profound impression in Mendelssohn's *Ottet*, while his execution of his own composition, *La Chiquenaude*, afforded, also, lively satisfaction. Herr Becker has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Musical Institute of Florence.



**MR. APTOMMAS'S HARP RECITALS.**—The last of a series of "recitals" given by Mr. Aptommas as "inaugurative of his Conservatoire," established in Harley Street, took place on Tuesday evening, when a large number of the lovers of this favourite instrument assembled to listen to a programme of music confined to the harp. Mr. Aptommas exhibited his skill in various compositions by Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Handel, specially arranged for the harp by himself, as well as in a fantasia by Parish Alvars on *Moise*, and several of his own compositions, including, of course, some arrangements of Welsh melodies, without which a "harp recital" would by many be considered imperfect. Mr. Aptommas's recitals have all been eminently successful, the last one particularly, and amateurs of the harp are no doubt grateful to him for his endeavours to raise an interest in, and to promote a knowledge of the beauties of their favourite instrument.—S. T. T.

**MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S MORNING CONCERT,** which took place on Thursday, in St. James's Hall, as usual, was one of the most attractive entertainments of the season, the hall being filled in every part, and the programme being as rich and varied as ever. The singers were Miss Laura Harris, Mdle. Sinico, M. Joulain, Signor Gardoni, and Mr. Santley, from Her Majesty's Theatre; Madame Grisi, Madlle. Carlotta Patti, Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madlle. Sarolta, Madame Weiss, Miss Emily Soldene, Miss Berry, Miss Grace Lindo, Signor Garcia, Herr Reichardt, Signor Delle-Sedie, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Weiss; the instrumentalists, Madame Clara Schumann, Madame Alice Mangold, Madlle. Mariot de Beauvoisin, and Mr. Charles Hallé (pianoforte). The instrumental performances, it will be seen, were restricted to the piano, and these were of the choicest, Madame Schumann playing Beethoven's so-called "Moonlight Sonata," Mr. Charles Hallé the same composer's "Sonata Pathétique," Mdle. de Beauvoisin Liszt's favorite fantasia on the *Prophète*, Madame Mangold Mr. Howard Glover's "Baby's song" and Chopin's *Grand Caprice* in A. It would be useless, besides being impossible, to name all the vocal pieces. Herr Fischek, the great German barytone, who made his first appearance, sang "Non piu andrai," from *Figaro*, and Schumann's *lied*, "Die zwey Grenadiere," in both of which his splendid voice and vigorous style told with great effect, Schumann's song being encoored with acclamations. Madame Grisi was encoored in "Qui la voce" and "Home, sweet home." Mdle. Carlotta Patti was encoored in the grand aria from the *Flauto Magico*; and Miss Laura Harris in the *rondo finale* from *La Sonnambula*, given with extraordinary brilliancy and great purity of intonation. Several pieces, which were not encoored, might have been encoored, but the audience were somewhat capricious and did not always display just discrimination. That, however, the concert was an eminent success was indisputable.

**HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.**—A highly interesting performance of a new oratorio in four parts, entitled *Paradise Lost*, composed by Mr. J. L. Ellerton, was performed on Thursday afternoon, at the above rooms, in aid of the Royal Infirmary for Chest Diseases, City Road. The singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Cecilia Westbrook, Madame Laura Baxter, Messrs. W. H. Cummings, Wallace Wells, and Renwick. The band and chorus were small, but effective, and the performance, in general, very creditable. The oratorio was preceded by "A Forest Symphony," in six movements, and which, being very long and elaborate, did not make the way very smooth for the reception of the oratorio, which, being longer and more elaborate than the symphony, pretty nigh tried the temper and patience of the audience. There is much good music in both compositions. We shall have occasion by and bye to speak at length both of oratorio and symphony, and in the meantime should strongly advise Mr. Lodge Ellerton not to bring the two works together again in one evening's or morning's entertainment. As it was, the oratorio and symphony found many admirers, and will find more when they are heard under favorable circumstances. Mr. John Hullah was the conductor.—L. P.

**MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S MORNING AT THE PIANOFORTE.**—These agreeable performances are continued at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, weekly. The accomplished pianist offered to her patrons last Wednesday another attractive programme of pianoforte and vocal music, interspersed with remarks on the character and purpose of each piece, from the pen of Mr. G. A. Macfarren. Mrs. Macfarren executed the C sharp minor Sonata of Beethoven, the *Rondo finale* from the Sonata in C of Weber, the *Allegro Maestoso* from the A minor Sonata of Mozart, a Nocturne and Valse of Chopin, a fantasia of Thalberg, a musical "vignette" and a "caprice" of Brissac, and, by the same composer, a fantasia on national Scotch airs. The songs, which were given by Miss Poole, included a canonet of Haydn, *lied* of Mendelssohn, a ballad from Macfarren's *Jessy Lea*, and a Scotch song. Here was variety to satisfy lovers of music of every class. Mrs. John Macfarren gave great satisfaction to her overflowing audience by her brilliant and masterly playing of the entire selection, and Miss Poole pleased no less by her telling and expressive singing. The applause was general throughout the morning, particularly at the conclusion of each part, and the ballad of "The gipsy's home" was encoored.—P. M.

**HERR WILLEM COENEN,** the well-known pianist, gave a *Matinée* at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday. The selection in the instrumental department was interesting, and comprised Beethoven's Trio, in B flat, for pianoforte, clarinet, and violoncello; a Sonata, also in B flat, for pianoforte and clarinet, composed by Herr Coenen himself; another composition by Herr Coenen, for pianoforte solus, entitled "Chant du Barde"; a Romance by Schumann—Schumann is in special request now at the London concerts, classical, semi-classical, and non-classical; "Scherzo Brillante," by Wallenhaupt; a fantasia on *Don Giovanni*, for two pianofortes, by Lysberg, in which Herr Coenen was assisted by Miss Strickland, his pupil, who made her first appearance in public. This interesting event came off satisfactorily, as the young lady played brilliantly and otherwise gave tokens of musical ability. In Beethoven's trio, Herr Coenen had for his coadjutors Mr. Lazarus (clarinet), and Mr. Paque (violoncello), and of course Mr. Lazarus performed the clarinet part in Herr Coenen's sonata. These two performances were admirable, and won unbounded applause. Miss Eleanor Wilkinson, Miss Mina Poole, and Madame Shephard Lay were the vocalists. The first-named created a genuine effect in the air, "Fanciulle che il core," from *Dinorah*, and Mariani's air "Mia dolce speranza;" and Miss Mina Poole won much applause in Mendelssohn's song, "O, who can guess my emotion." The room was tolerably well filled.

**DUDLEY GALLERY, EGYPTIAN HALL.**—Herr Labor (Blind), Pianist to the King of Hanover, gave a concert at the above gallery on Wednesday morning, which attracted a large concourse of fashionables, the main attraction being, doubtless, the unusual presence of Madame Lind-Goldschmidt, who consented to issue from her self-imposed retirement and assist most generously her sight-bereaved countryman. With Madame Lind were joined, as singers, Madame Joachim and Herr Hauser, court singer to His Highness the Grand Duke of Baden, and Herr Joachim, as solo instrumentalist. Madame Goldschmidt sang Mozart's Rondo for voice with violin "obbligato" (*Il re pastore*), Herr Joachim being the violinist, and the performance of both those artists was matchless in style, expression, and finish. Madame Goldschmidt, moreover, joined Madame Joachim in two of Mendelssohn's duets. Herr Labor, who showed surprising digital dexterity even for one who could see the notes, played an air and variations by Beethoven, a Sonata, for violin and pianoforte, by the same composer, with Herr Joachim, two pieces by Schumann, a Nocturne by Chopin, and a Prelude by Heller. Herr Joachim played Spohr's Barcarole and Scherzo for his single-handed display, and achieved a brilliant success. Herr Hauser exhibited a well-toned and capable baritone voice in two or three German *lieder* and was much applauded. Herr Hauser is evidently a thoroughly well-trained artist.—P. M.

**MISS ELLEN DAY'S THIRD AND FOURTH PIANOFORTE RECITALS** came off on Wednesday morning, May the 24th and 31st respectively, at Collard's Pianoforte Rooms, and were attended with great success. At the third *Matinée* Miss Day played, with Mr. Ferdinand Booth, Hummel's Sonata in A, Op. 104, for pianoforte and violoncello; Weber's Sonata in D minor, Op. 49; Two Studies by Chopin; and Two Melodies by Kate Loder, the last named exquisitely graceful and finished compositions (from the pen of one of the most accomplished of our native musicians and now unhappily lost to the public as a pianoforte-player) pleasing as much as anything in the selection, the fair pianist evidently playing them *con amore*. Miss Marian Wheatley was the vocalist, and exhibited her fine *mezzo soprano* voice and highly commendable style in Gordigiani's "O Santissima Vergine," in Balfe's ballad, "The green trees whispered," and M. Gounod's song, "O voulez vous aller?" At the fourth *Matinée* the pianoforte pieces presented by Miss Day were Beethoven's Sonata in G; with Mr. John Day, Dussek's Sonata in B flat, for pianoforte and violin; Studies by Henselt; Stephen Heller's "La Truite;" and two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. Mr. Pratten played a solo on the flute. Miss Stabbach was the singer.—L. P.

**MR. DEACON'S SECOND MATINEE OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC** came off on Thursday the 1st instant. The selection comprised Haydn's quartet, No. 63, in G major, for strings; Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, Op. 26, for pianoforte solus; Mendelssohn's duet in D major, Op. 58 for violoncello and pianoforte; Mendelssohn's quartet in B minor, for pianoforte and strings; and pianoforte solos by Stephen Heller. Mr. Deacon was assisted in the instrumental department by M. Sainton and Herr Pollitzer (violin), Mr. H. Webb (viola), and Signor Pezzo (violoncello). Mendelssohn's quartet, most admirably executed by Mr. Deacon, M. Sainton, Mr. H. Webb, and Signor Pezzo, created quite an excitement in the audience, which was mostly composed of ladies. The vocal music was excellent. Madame Sainton-Dolby sang the Cradle Song, "Slumber, my darling," from Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*, in her most expressive and artistic manner; and Mdle. Enequist—now one of the greatest favourites of the concert-room—introduced Mozart's "Non Temer;" and two Swedish melodies, one of which she had to sing a second time.—L. P.

MR. AGUILAR gave a *Matinée* at his residence, 17, Westbourne Square, on Friday, the 19th ult. The pianoforte pieces in which Mr. Aguilar took part included "Caprice in D flat," Trio with violin and violoncello, Solo on the "Bluebells," Duo, with harp, on airs from *Norma*, and "Valse Brillante," all his own compositions; Mr. Aguilar, indeed, having less provided a regular concert than invited his friends to hear him play his own works. In a public room of course such a proceeding would be open to critical animadversion; but in his private house it becomes entirely a matter of individual feeling. And we are assured that the fact of Mr. Aguilar playing so many of his own compositions attracted many persons to Westbourne Square, for Mr. Aguilar composes no less admirably than he executes, and several of his pieces have gained an enviable popularity. The trio, in which Mr. Aguilar enjoyed the powerful co-operation of M. Sainton, at the violin, and Signor Piatti, at the violoncello, went to perfection, and pleased universally and immensely. The "Valse Brillante," too—a melodious and exhilarating contribution to the repertory of dance music—made a decided sensation, and was played with great effect. M. Sainton and Signor Piatti had each his solo, the former selecting David's *Andante e Scherzo Capriccioso*, and the great Italian virtuoso a "Nocturne" of his own composition, both masterpieces of brilliant execution, finish, and expression. Moreover, Herr Oberthur, the eminent harpist, who assisted Mr. Aguilar in the duo from *Norma*, played his own "Fairy Legend," and had a great success. The vocal music was unusually good. Madame Paropa sang a new and highly effective song by Mr. Aguilar, to Tennyson's words "Break, break, O Sea!"; Herr Ganz's song "The Nightingale's Trill" (encored); with Signor Gardoni, Blangini's duet, "Per Valli;" and, with Signor Ciabatta, the duo from the *Barbiere*, "Dunque io son." Signor Gardoni gave the "Breeze" romanza from the *Vépres Siciliennes*, and pleased so much that he was compelled to sing again, when he substituted "La donna è mobile," from *Rigoletto*. In addition Signor Gardoni sang Mr. Aguilar's charming and exceedingly vocal romanza, "Come placida rugiada." Miss Grace Lindo gave Mendelssohn's "Zuleika," and pleased infinitely by her agreeable voice and unaffected style. Miss Lindo also sang, with Signor Ciabatta, the duet from the *Travatore*, "Mira di acerbe lagrime." The rooms were filled by a very brilliant company. Herr Wilhelm Ganz accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.—L. P.

MANCHESTER.—The Covent Garden English Opera Company, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, made a first appearance last evening in an English version of Verdi's *Travatore*. Mdle. Linas Martorelle makes a charming Leonora. With a fair presence, an elegant figure, and graceful manner, she is exceedingly attractive personally, and her voice is of that sweet and persuasive kind which wins our attention and grows upon the ear. At first we observed a little haziness in her singing, and the first air suffered accordingly, but the bravura ("Di tale amor") was brilliantly sung, if not with the power, with much of the finish of Titiens, whom, by the way, Mdle. Martorelle somewhat resembles in style and certainly in treatment of Verdi's heroine. As the opera progressed the haziness alluded to vanished, and by the time the fourth act had been reached Mdle. Martorelle's voice was clear and bell-like, and gave forth the well-known "D'amor sull' all' rosea" in such a manner as to "bring down the house." Equally successful in the Tower music and to the end, this lady may be said to have made a most favourable *debut* in our city. Without going further, we may just hint that her passionate passages struck us as being taken too slow, and lost in fervour and intensity by hanging on the ear. Madame Fanny Huddart was the Azucena, and her deep contralto voice enabled her to give variety and pathos to a really striking gipsy character. Of her acting we can recommend its earnestness and truth, and Madame Huddart has, in this case, some advantage over younger ladies, in being able to exhibit a versimilitude of portraiture attainable only by maturity of years. Mr. Charles Adams, a gentleman highly lauded by the London press, made his first appearance in Manchester as Manrico. We shall not estimate Mr. Adams by last night's performance, but wait a further experience, noting at present only that he has great vigour, a high range of voice (reaching the C in alt, we believe), and commendable familiarity with his music. We felt as if Mr. Adams sang under fatigue; if so, this may explain a certain straining of his voice, visible in many high notes, as well as a want of reserved power. On another evening we shall learn if his voice be sympathetic and musical, points scarcely to be discovered on a first essay. Mr. Alberto Lawrence, sang the music, so familiar to us by Mr. Santley, and may be classed among the most agreeable of baritones. He gained considerable applause by his delivery of the popular "Il Balen." Mr. Charles Lyall, also new to us, sang the part of Rulz with propriety and satisfaction to his audience. This evening, Meyerbeer's *Donrah* will be given, with Mdle. Florence Lancia as the heroine, her first appearance in Manchester.—*Abridged from the Manchester Times and Examiner.*

BOLONGA.—Bazzini has been giving a number of eminently successful concerts.

THE MATINEE MUSICALE of that clever singer, Mdle. Sedlatzek, took place in Collard's Pianoforte Rooms, on Tuesday, and attracted a room full of fashionables. The list of vocalists, in addition to the *beneficiaire*, included Madame Louisa Vining, Madame Elvira Behrens, Miss Hiles, Mrs. George Vining, Messrs. George Perren and Allan Irving; the instrumentalists, Madame Arabella Goddard and M. Emilio Berger (pianoforte), Mr. Lazarus (clarinet), Messrs. J. Balsir Chatterton and John Thomas (harp), and Signor Pezze (violoncello). Only in two instances were the audience—mostly of the bonneted sex—moved from their aristocratic frigidity, first, when Madame Arabella Goddard played the fantasia on *Mirella*, composed expressly for her by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, which so delighted them, and excited them, and provoked them into an out-of-the-way, and, to them, enforced enthusiasm, that the fair pianist could not choose but accede to their muffled expressions and murmurs of rapture, and returning to the platform performed the fantasia on "Home, sweet home," which created an effect no less magnetic and unexpected than the *Mirella* piece. The other occasion on which the aristocrats were warmed into an exhibition of feeling was when Madame Louisa Vining sang Dr. Arne's song, "Where the bee sucks," which they ordered should be sung a second time. Mdle. Sedlatzek supplied the bolero "Merce, dilette amiel," from the *Vépres Siciliennes*, and a song, written by Madame Oury, "Reproach," in both of which she was eminently successful. Mdle. Sedlatzek also joined Mdle. Elvira Behrens, Messrs. George Perren and Allan Irving in the quatuor "Mezzanotte" from *Marta*, and Miss Hiles in a duet from the *Maria Padilla* of Donizetti. Messrs. Frank Mori, Emilio Berger and Lewis were conductors.—S. T. T.

A CONCERT in aid of the Building of the Parochial Schools for St. Mark's, Regent's Park, is announced for next Thursday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms. A large number of vocalists and instrumentalists give their services in aid of the good cause. Among them are Madame Sainton, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Rose Hersee, Mr. and Mad Weiss, Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. Lewis Thomas, &c., &c.

COLONEL STODARE had the honour of appearing before His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at Spencer House, on Tuesday evening, after his usual performance at the Egyptian Hall. The programme was selected from his most popular tricks and illusions, including his Indian basket feat. His Royal Highness and the Earl Spencer congratulated him on his success, and asked him to give a few extra experiments beyond the printed programme, to which the colonel at once acceded, to the great delight of all the honoured guests.

NUREMBERG.—The Oratorio Association, founded last autumn by Herr G. Emmerling, gave its first public performance on the 2nd May, the work selected being *Der Fall Babylons*, by L. Spohr.

MILAN.—Sivori has been playing at the Carcano.

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The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,  
To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems  
Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.  
How without guile thy bosom, all transparent  
As the pure crystal let's the curious eye  
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!  
How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!  
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!  
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**MISS FANNY ARMYTAGE** will sing at the Performance of **ISRAEL IN EGYPT** given by the National Choral Society, Conductor, Mr. G. W. MARTIN, on Wednesday Evening, June 14.

**MDLLE. EMMY POYET** will sing C. Oberthür's song, "Je voudrais être," with harp accompaniment, at Madame LEUPOLD'S Soirée on the 17th and her Matinée on the 19th inst.

**MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY** will sing Benedict's new song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Westbourne Hall, June 16.

**MASTER WILLIE PAPE**, who had the distinguished honor of a command from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has returned to Town. Address, 9, Soho Square.

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**MR. FRANK ELMORE** will sing "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR" at Mr. FREDERICK CHATTERTON'S concert, and at Mr. J. S. STONE'S Matinée, at Messrs. COLLARD'S.

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